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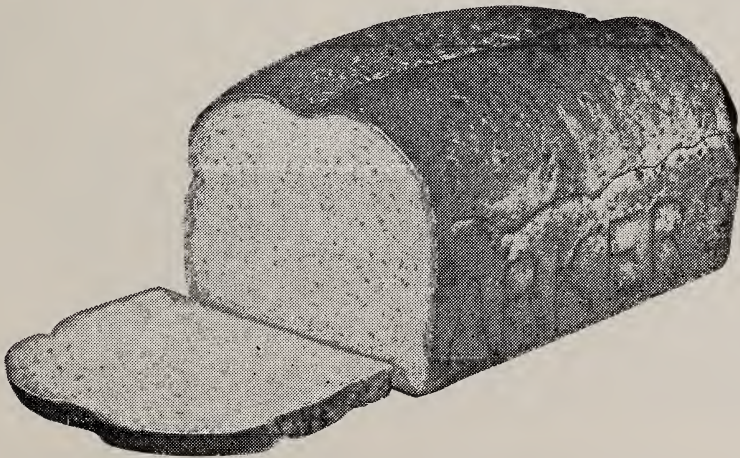
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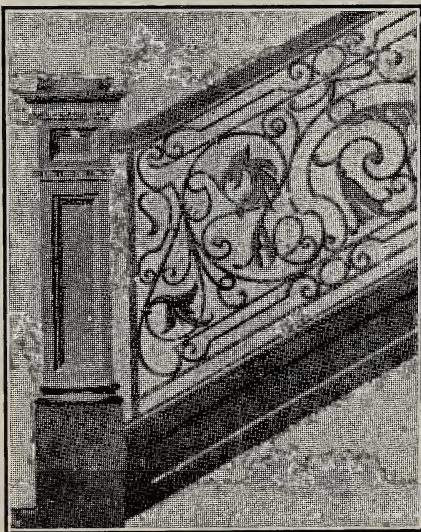
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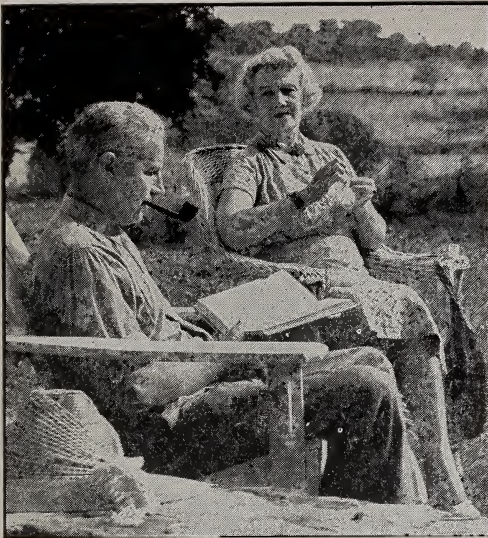
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THAT'S what they said of the Navy in Nelson's day. About sixty years after the Battle of Trafalgar, but still in the days of wooden sailing ships, there landed in Canada, after a voyage of many weeks, an Englishman, Robert Burroughes, with his wife and ten children.

His destination was Ottawa, where he became attached to the Forestry Department. After some years the Government transferred him to Toronto. One of the sons, Frederick, was apprenticed to learn the furniture trade with Jacques and Hayes, a Toronto firm that made high-grade furniture.

Fired with ambition, Frederick Burroughes opened a small furniture store in 1887, on Queen Street West, between Spadina and Bathurst. It was not long before a larger store in the same neighbourhood had to be found. The business grew, and again the premises became too small, so the present large store on Queen at Bathurst, also extensive warehouses were built. These premises now extend from Queen Street to Richmond Street.

In the year 1917, Frederick C. Burroughes, the founder of The F. C. Burroughes Furniture Company, Limited, passed away, leaving the business to his two sons. The elder, Bert C. Burroughes, became president. The younger, Captain C. Roy Burroughes, vice-president. The sons still own and actively control the business, which includes a number of branch stores in Ontario.



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THE BRANKSOME SLOGAN



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PEGGY PURVIS	JOAN VANSTONE
BETTY SHERMAN	

ALUMNAE REPRESENTATIVE

AINSLIE McMICHAEL

When Uncertainty Prevails

We are living in troublous times. The very life of our beloved Empire is threatened by the forces of evil. Hitler and his fellow-criminals are bent upon destroying all that British people hold dear but we are soberly confident that he will not prevail and that ultimate victory will be ours.

When the war is over many problems will have to be met and solved. In all of these young and old will have to bear their share. In many small ways and in some bigger ones, those who are now schoolgirls and schoolboys will have to play their part. For many years the effect of this cruel war will be felt in our daily lives and it will pay to look ahead and plan for future needs.

Life insurance is the best way in which we can protect ourselves and create a future free from want. Many Branksome girls will be making their own money during the next few years. Why not invest some of it in a policy that will through small and regular payments provide you with a large amount later on? The younger you are, the less you have to pay. Let one of our representatives tell you more about it.



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Jane Egbert
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Marcia Fowler
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Gaynor Powell
Helen Russell
Shirley Shoebottom
Patricia Stockton
Pauline Whitby

DAY PREFECTS

Mary Burroughes
Winnifred Clarke
Peggy Phair
Peggy Purvis
Dorothy Turner
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*Edith M. Read, M.A.
Principal of Branksome Hall*



When we Branksomites of 1940-1941 have forgotten all the things we learned in Maths, French, and Latin, we shall still remember this past year, as:

First: The year we had forty-three girls from Sherborne School in England who became loyal "Branksomites" and who taught us just why Winston Churchill could say with such conviction: "We shall not flag nor fail."

Second: The year we also had girls from forty-five other schools in the Old Country, who showed us that "courage and loyalty" belong to all the girls from all the schools in Great Britain.

Third: The year we made new friends of girls from China, Syria, Holland, Switzerland, India, Newfoundland, Bermuda, and heard wonderful stories about those distant lands.

And last, but not least, the year we had so many girls from the United States of America.

This experience of girls from so many friendly nations living together was of such value that every girl, privileged to attend Branksome during the year 1940-1941, may consider herself to have been fortunate indeed.

With these things in mind, we have endeavoured to make this number of the Slogan symbolic of the year 1940-1941.

THE EDITORS

"What Canada Means to Me"

Deep in the heart of every man glows a livid flame of patriotism. In some people it bursts forth like a fiery tempest, and they make violent speeches, inspired by a frenzied devotion to their country. But is a fanatic a true patriot? I do not think so! The majority of people, the masses who constitute the population of a country, conceal this love of homeland amid lesser emotions. The mere man is modest! He does not often give vent to his patriotic thoughts; they are perhaps too precious to bare to the scornful eyes of the world. However this feeling is there, profound and intense. Deprive a man of his money or his family of friends and he is not destitute, but banish a man from his country, take away his honour and self-respect, and bar him from roaming the hills he loved, or wandering through a cherished garden, and he is lost, forsaken forever. A man without a country is a tragedy that time cannot heal, because the mind is filled with rooms, stored with memories of forbidden lands, beloved scenes of childhood. The memory remains dormant for awhile, but then a familiar strain of music or a certain quotation awakens longing thoughts of home and the exile knows no peace.

I am thankful that I have a country to call my own, and that I know not the miseries of exile. I know instead the privileges of a citizen living in a free nation. In this present-day world of tyranny and oppression, how sacred those privileges seem, how all-important they are. Canada and her fellow democracies to-day are waging a frightful battle against those countries which uphold tyranny, oppression and violence, and I am proud of her. Yes, I am proud that my country chose to defend all that is right and decent, rather than bow to the powerful forces of evil, although the odds weighed heavily against her. She is courageous indeed! Yet, more than courage lies behind her firm stand. Canada has derived much from the traditions of the mother-country, England. We Canadians are the direct descendants of steady, fearless Englishmen, sturdy, robust Scotsmen and hardy Irishmen, and we are resolutely determined to defend our cherished democracy, for which we have fought so many wars. God willing, we will maintain it until the end of time.

I am proud also of the history of Canada. Since the days when the French first set foot on Canadian soil, the pages of our history books reveal stirring tales and deeds of gallant men and women, who together built the foundation of our country. Were they not the real patriots? Indeed they were! They struggled against untold hardships and trying circumstances, but they fought on, never faltering, never turning back.

Canada was guarded during her infancy by a watchful and tolerant mother, who punished her for her mistakes and rewarded with praise. The greatest reward came in 1931, when in the Statute of Westminster, England gave to Canada her complete autonomy. Thus a troublesome child had grown into a wise and trusted adult, inheriting all the best qualities of her renowned mother and at the same time developing fine, new traits. Canada stands like a hopeful, confident youth, trusting in the future, anxious to obtain the best of what the world has to offer. Will my country, glorious in her youth, be denied her rightful place in the world, or will that world be dominated by those who give no opportunities to ambitious young nations? I believe there is reasonable hope for the future of Canada, if Canadians stand together. "If there must be sorrow and trouble, let it be in my day, that my children may live in peace and prosperity." Those words spoken so long ago by Lincoln, to-day echo the prayer of all Canadians for the future of Canada.

Lincoln, the great Emancipator, defined humanity's greatest dream, democracy, in his famous words, "Government by the people for the people, of the people". We, in the Western Hemisphere, have created democracy in its truest form and have raised it from a dream to reality. We, the people, must keep the light burning brightly. We must sacrifice all in order that everything we hold dear, "Shall not perish from the earth". Our democracy is not perfect! Canada is not ideal! We must realize that our fight for the British Empire is a glorious crusade to defend humanity, Christianity, and decency and that Canada despite her faults is worth dedicating our lives to.

What does Canada mean to me? I love the beautiful scenery, the climate, and the great industries and vast resources, but the thing I cherish most is my freedom. Freedom of speech, thought and religion, fair government, they are what matter most. Canada, to me, means all that is fine and decent, and in this darkened world, a promise of light for the future.

BETTY DUNCAN
(Form IV L).



Rehearsal for the Gym Review

STORM

The wind drives up from the North
 sweeping the dust and wind
 high in a scurry of whirlwind;
 The sun sinks dull and red into fly-
 ing bands of cloud;
 The sea pounds on the rocks fling-
 ing the spray on the pebbles,
 Dragging them back to itself, sing-
 ing the coming of the storm.
 The fisherman drags his boat to a
 higher place on the beach;
 The housewife closes the shutters
 against the rain.
 The brigantine cleaves the waves
 with the surf streaming behind
 her,
 And only a single jib to pull her
 safely home.
 The sturdy cargo-ship draws away
 from the port;
 The last signals given she puts her
 bow to the storm;
 The screw spins in the air as the
 sea breaks over the head-
 lights,
 Blinding the man at the wheel,
 who holds her true to her
 course.
 The sea gathers its strength and
 crashes on wall and highway,



Washing foundations out, till
 buildings dissolve into sand.
 Force immeasurable,
 Force of wind and ocean,
 Is there any force so mighty, so
 full of awe and dread?
 Yet the ship sails on through the
 gale,
 Turns not from its destination,
 Driven through the hazard by a
 greater force,
 Immeasurable,
 Unconquerable,
 The Spirit of Man.

BRENDA CRUIKSHANK
 (Form IV L).

LITTLE COLT

Little colt, open your eyes,
 Look at the big world around;
 The hot sun which streams in
 rays,
 And the green grass o'er the
 ground.

Little colt, arise and walk,
 Wouldn't you like to gambol?
 Gather up those legs, which seem
 So long and hard to handle.

Little colt, do not sleep,
 You can play as well as we,
 Come and play and run with us,
 Chase the haughty bumble-bee.

Little colt, be not sad,
 Give thanks for life in the land
 The good God has given you,
 To live in, and to love.

A PRAYER FOR ENGLAND

Of all the things I ask of Thou,
 O God,
 Of all the pleas ascending to Your
 throne,
 Grant that this one, this cause of
 English hearts
 Which has our prayers, may also
 have Thine own.
 Grant this, O Lord, that England's
 forests deep,
 Her purple mountains and her
 rambling streams,
 Her misty valleys and her gentle
 fields
 Where poets wandered weaving
 wondrous dreams,
 The hidden hamlets and the city
 streets,
 Her rolling downs, her rose-em-
 bowered lanes,
 Her birds which joyful fill the air
 with song,
 Her friendly sunshine and her
 welcome rains,
 Her churches and her castles his-
 tory bound,
 The tomb wherein the unknown
 warrior lies,
 The twilights and the splendour of
 her dawns,
 Her people and her childrens'
 trusting eyes.
 Of all the things I ask of thee to
 grant—
 Grant this, O Lord, that these may
 never see
 The hated symbol of an alien flag,
 The horror of a conquering enemy.

SHIRLEY SHOEBOTTOM
 (Form V A).

IT HAPPENED IN SEPTEMBER

One night, above the Midlands,
 Above the Sussex downs,
 Above the Kentish villages,
 And the sprawling West-coast
 towns:

Over London, over Plymouth,
 And over Exmoor's heights,
 Over the whole of England
 Flared up the Northern lights.

They spread their fiery streamers
 Of scarlet-staining light
 From Aberdeen to Blackport,
 From Kew to Isle of Wight:
 And I, all England watching
 From the quiet cliffs of Kent,
 Saw their beauty and their splen-
 dour

And wondered what they meant.

It was rumoured that their coming
 Brought bloodshed, death, and
 wars,
 And, low on the horizon,
 Hung the blood-red war-star,
 Mars.

ANNE DOBSON
 (Form VS).



A Toussaint Knight

It was Saturday night and Jacques slammed the kitchen door and stamped into the room. He was in a very angry mood; he had looked forward all week to visiting Therese, only to remember that it was Tousaint and that he couldn't go. Why couldn't he go? he asked himself savagely; it was only a silly superstition, no one had really seen the evil spirits. Anyhow he wasn't afraid of any spirits, evil or otherwise, and he would show Therese that he wasn't, and perhaps she would think more of him!

He dressed carefully, putting on his only stiff collar, and arranging, with the greatest exactness, the brilliantly coloured tie that Therese had given him. As he entered the kitchen again, his old father in his stocking feet, smoking a pipe, was sitting in front of the great double-decker stove, looking at him sadly and shaking his head. Jacques went to the stable, led out the grey mare, and harnessed her to the buckboard that he had carefully washed that afternoon. He drove out of the gate and turned the horse's head towards the ranges where Therese lived—a ten mile drive.

Th night was cold and clear, and the old horse jogged along at an easy gait. Needless to say, Jacques was a little uncomfortable, and every time he heard a sound, he jumped nervously. The great October moon threw weird shadows across the road and Jacques was not sorry to reach the farm of Therese's father.

Therese was delighted to see Jacques and looked upon him with a great deal of admiration for having ventured to visit her on Tousaint. One of her brothers was sent to put away the horse, and the younger members of the family, who had retired for the night, appeared again. Therese's father got out his old violin, and after they had danced and sung for a time, her mother produced pies and doughnuts. Jacques was treated like a hero, and Therese centered all her attentions upon him, there being no other young men to claim their share. About eleven o'clock (much to the amazement of the family, who had taken it for granted that he would stay all night) Jacques announced that it was time for him to leave. However he insisted upon going, even though, secretly, he would rather have stayed; for he wished to show Therese that he was not afraid to go home alone. The whole family came to the door to see him off, and he left, feeling like a hero, and knowing that nothing would ever make him regret his visit.

At first all went well, for Jacques was still much elated about the attentions which Therese had shown him, and he did not notice the loneliness. The moon had set by this time, and the stars shone brightly, while the only sound was the steady ringing of the mare's hoofs. After

he had gone about three miles, Jacques began to feel a little uneasy and gazed behind him several times, half expecting to see a ghostly figure sliding from tree to tree. He was coming to a long stretch where they had been repairing the road. The woods loomed up dark on either side, and the sudden neigh of the horse nearly made Jacques fall off the buckboard with fright. He was beginning to regret his heroism and wished that he was safe at home.

Suddenly, something struck him across the back with a terrific whack, which sent him to the floor of the buckboard on his hands and knees. He dared not look back for fear of what he might see, but seized the reins and whipped up the mare. He was trembling so that he could hardly hold the reins. Then something struck the seat, and he broke out into a cold sweat. The horse, frightened by the noise, rushed over the rough road, and the buckboard swayed dangerously. Jacques, by this time, had control of the reins, and the frightful whacks continued repeatedly. He was nearly beside himself with fear and crouched on the floor with the rug over his head, praying to all the saints to defend him and vowing that he would never again venture out on Tousaint.

After what seemed like ages, Jacques felt the buckboard swing around the familiar drive way, and heard the crunch of the gravel under the horse's hoofs. The panting animal drew up in front of the barn door, and only then did the horrible whacking cease. Jacques leaped down from the buckboard, and shouting at the top of his voice that evil spirits were after him, tore to the house. His old father wakened by the noise, hurried into the kitchen, fumbled with the latch, and opened the door. Jacques rushed in, slammed the door shut, and bolted it.

By this time the whole family had been aroused. Jacques stood with his back against the door, his hair dishevelled, his eyes wild, his breath coming in short, sharp gasps.

When he explained what had happened, his father reminded him that it was his own fault, and without further comment proceeded to the barn to put the mare away. Next morning when Jacques went to get the buckboard ready for church, he noticed a long sapling caught in the wheel. He gazed at it stupidly for several seconds, and the truth slowly dawned upon him. He glanced around, to be sure that no one was watching and carefully removed it. To the astonishment of his family, Jacques never mentioned the incident again.

JEAN SEIFERT
(Form IIIA).

THE TEMPLE

I entered in, but not into
 The spirit of the church. A cough,
 A sneeze disturbed me and my
 thoughts,
 Which would have flown past stars
 aloft,
 Within me lay, suppressed and
 still.

I left the man-made house of God,
 I wandered through the shady
 woods,
 Till, peeping through, I saw the
 sea,
 I saw the waves crash on the
 rocks,
 The rain refreshed me and I
 knew!

My prayer soared high in thank-
 fulness
 That He had shown His house to
 me.

JOCELYN BAKER
 (Form IV A).

TO A PRIMROSE

The primrose, laughing up at me,
 Its petals wide apart with glee
 Bobbing, nodding, smiling too
 Enthralling 'til, as though with
 glee,
 My feet were fastened to the sod
 That I might watch the flower nod
 And sweep and caper with the
 wind.

But then the blushing petals fall
 And life comes to an end.

It always makes me sorrow though
 To see the wind, once Primrose'
 beau,

Now buffet, push and mock the
 meek,
 Seemingly to me to seek
 The fair bright bloom's disaster.
 At last, it stands in high white
 grass
 Alone, o'er which the fall will
 pass.

But soon the bud it holds within
 Will blossom forth to nod and grin
 And make the world a happy place
 For others old and young, in case
 They've never seen a beauty bright
 To make one spot a lovely sight.

CYNTHIA GOODING
 (Form IV C).

THE DEAD LAKE

The water lay as calm as death—
 Its shroud the breathless air.
 And by its edge the lifeless trees
 And cliffs stood silent there.

Beyond the farthest shore arose
 A cloud, and darkness spread;
 And then the wind and rain began
 To lash the pine-clad dead.

The heavy corpse began to stir:
 Its limbs took life and hurled
 The angry waters at the cliff
 Where white caps foamed and
 swirled.

But when the storm, its anger
 spent,
 Beyond the hills had sped,
 The fitful form grew calm again
 And lay as lie the dead.

MARY VAN WYCK
 (Form III A).



THE GRADUATING CLASS

A Visit to William Shakespeare

Stepping lightly across the furrowed floor, lifting up her rustling skirts, Ophelia comes forward to greet her host who is standing at the edge of the stage, smiling a welcome as his guests make their bows before him, and pass on to mingle with the swelling crowd within the yard. The bright costumes are beginning to lend colour to the formerly drab interior of the old Globe Theatre, and one can already hear the clowns cracking jokes in the galleries around the open courtyard.

At last, everyone has arrived; King Lear, Rosalind, Hamlet, Orlando, Juliet, and countless others who have come regularly for years to meet their originator in celebration of his birthday. The heralds step forward and conversation ceases as they raise the trumpets to their lips and a noble fanfare sounds forth throughout the ancient building. What is all this preparation for? Shame to the man who does not recognise the famous figure of Will Shakespeare as he steps down from the stage, offers his arm to Cleopatra, resplendent in Egyptian jewels and silks, and leads the gathered company to the tables, set at the end of the courtyard where Mistress Quickly and Dol Tearsheet are hovering anxiously over the food which they have so carefully prepared.

As he looks down the long table, the great man watches once more the jests and quarrels of this great assembly. A smile plays about his lips as he sees Bardolph's red nose getting well down into his plate, and opposite him, great Jack Falstaff tossing off his sack and crying loudly, "Give me a cup of sack. I am a rogue if I drunk today."

Henry V lifts up his head and a twinkle comes into his eyes and once more he is merry Prince Hal, laughing and quibbling with the old comrades of his wild youth.

At the opposite end of the table, Shylcock is cowering in his chair as Portia laughingly dares him to cut off a pound of Antonio's flesh for his meal. Surely, she will not make the wretch suffer once more the agony of the trial? No. Portia is merciful.

Shakespeare signs to Maria who is standing behind her mistress Olivia's chair, and she fills up his glass to the brim, so that he may lean back and watch his friends as they linger over the remnants of the feast. Many are becoming affected by the wine, among these Sir Toby Belch and his friend, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, who are standing on the benches at the side of the yard while Sir Toby challenges the company to a song:

"Shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? Shall we do that?"

There ensues a rousing song during which the poet notices Macbeth conversing earnestly with his wife as he eyes Banquo, sitting with his back towards him:

“There is none but he
Whose being I do fear; and under him
My genius is rebuked, as it is said
Mark Anthony’s was by Caesar.”

Shakespeare sighs and as he looks round, perhaps he thinks how very true to life these people are. All the vices and blessings of man are present in this gathering: love and hatred, laughter and tears, courage and cowardice. What is life but one great drama? For:

“All the world’s a stage
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts.”

ANGELA RIDDELL
(Form IV L).



Saturday at the Farm



Clensdale Heights

Alice In The Highlands

Alice went skimming over the ice. Suddenly she tripped and fell headlong to the ground. Hearing the sound of skates behind her, she turned to meet her instructor, when, to her surprise, she was confronted by a rabbit, who was wearing a green plaid skirt, a red sweater and a mass of curls tilted over her right eyebrow.

Alice gasped: "Who are you?"

The rabbit, disregarding the question, caught hold of Alice's hand and fairly dragged her across the rink. "Hurry, hurry," he exclaimed, "It's five minutes to nine and the Duchess expects us to be punctual."

Alice, panting, followed the rabbit at breakneck speed into a crowded room. She stared. She first supposed herself to be in a multi-coloured tropical forest, but soon realized that the trees and clinging vines were only girls, in Scotch kilts and small caps with tall waving feathers, each one resembling a miniature palm.

A sprightly, smiling lady stepped up on the platform.

"The White Queen," yelled all the girls and bowed low.

The White Queen beckoned to a girl dressed from her head to her toes in red, and cried: "Up and on! Duchess." The Duchess climbed onto the stage and began an address.

Then the March Hare, who had an ancient-and-modern Mystery paper due to-day, and, therefore, could not be held responsible for her actions, cried out: "I object."

"Away with her," cried someone.

At this, the Red King and his Queen, wearing the scarlet sashes of the Order of Prefects, bore down on the poor Hare and carried her off.

While this was going on, the White Queen and her councillors had fled and their pupils began chattering again.

Alice, covering her ears, tried to settle down and read that well-known and interesting book by Periwinkle—"How to Make Friends and Infuriate Teachers," when her attention was attracted to the Mad Hatter. The Hatter, who had *two* feathers in her cap, stood up to recite and the noise died down:

"'Tis the voice of the teacher,' I heard her declare,

'Citerae, citerarum, oh!, what do I care?

When the teacher says, "Stand up and tell what you know,"

I stumble and stutter and twiddle my toe.

I hem and I haw and cough out: "Um, er—well—

That depends—perhaps—maybe—you never can tell."

"You never can tell," says the teacher at last,

Take one hundred lines to wipe out the past."

The Mad Hatter, setting her hat at a more rakish angle than ever, descended from the platform just in time to bump into the Gryphon, a brisk and kindly creature.

"Partners," shrieked the Gryphon.

The assembled Highlanders separated into pairs.

"Begin", shouted the Gryphon.

The girls began to two-step around the room.

"'Will you run a little faster', said one partner to her mate,

'For you know you don't exactly set the mile-a-minute rate.

We must reach the distant goal and try to catch the flying balls,

If we want to please the teacher and get home to-night at all."

Alice found herself being whirled around the room with the Mad Hatter. Faster and faster they sped until bump! Alice fell to the floor leaving the couples to revolve farther and farther away until she hazily saw that she was alone on the ice with her feet stretched out before her!

MARY ALICE BURTON

(Form 1A).

Air Raid

Relentless, winged destruction,
bullet like

Cleaving the moonless purple of
the night;

Death, borne on silver wings, ap-
proaching swift,

Draws near the destined victim of
its flight.

A siren screams: the city wakes to
fear,

Defenceless, cringing from the
death that rains;

The criss-crossed spotlights find
the sleek-winged ships;

The chattering guns spurt bullets
at the planes.

Down from the skies destruction
drops, and fire,

And chaos, horror, death, all
spring to birth;

Up from the land fly bullets, sear-
ing, harsh:

A flame, the raider crashes to the
earth.

Then silence reigns once more,
save for the cries

Of sobbing victims of the raging
fire,

And darkness rules, except where
brightness leaps

From flaming faggots of the pilot's
pyre.

MARY NELSON

(Form III A).

Prefects

HEAD GIRL



JANET BROWN

"The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill,
A perfect woman nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command."

Positions held: Head Girl; Hon. President of Beta Kappa; Hon. President of Opheleo.

"To those who know thee not, no words
can paint,
And those who know thee know all words
are faint."

Positions held: Editor of the Slogan;
President of V Special.



MARY
BURROUGHES



WINNIFRED
CLARKE

"Life's a pudding full of plums,
Care's a canker that benumbs;
Wherefore waste our elocution
On impossible solution?
Life's a pleasant institution,
Let us take it as it comes."

Positions held: Captain of First Basketball Team; Vice-President of Opheleo.

"To thee only God granted
A heart ever new;
To all always open,
To all always true."

Positions held: Vice-President of Beta Kappa; Cheer Leader.



ISOBEL
COULTHARD

Prefects



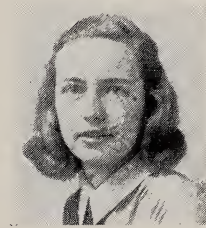
CHRISTINE
PEARSE

"What men have done can still be done,
And shall be done to-day."

Position held: President of Opheleo.

"I like to work—I really do,
But I like a little nonsense too."

Positions held: President of the Student's Council; Guard on First Basketball Team.



PEGGY PHAIR



PEGGY PURVIS

"Be silent and safe—silence never betrays
you,
Studious of ease and fond of humble
things."

Position held: Treasurer of Beta Kappa.

"Her heart is as great as the world, but
there is no room in it to hold the memory
of a wrong."

Position held: Secretary of Opheleo.



DOROTHY TURNER

Prefects



JOAN VANSTONE

"Languor is not in your heart,
Weakness is not in your word,
Weariness not on your brow."

Positions held: President of Beta Kappa; Guard on First Basketball Team; Head of drive for War Saving Stamps.

"Real worth requires no interpreter,
Its every day deeds form its blazonary."

Position held: Treasurer of Ophleo.

KATHERINE
WATERMAN

Library Day

The following have made contributions to "Library Day":

Elsbeth Abbey, Miss Alston, Margaret Ambler, Sheila Anderson, Miss Armstrong, Ellen Avigdor, Barbara Barclay, Mary Bastow, Beverly Balmer, Ann Beare, Nancy Blundell, Charmion Boothe, Dorothy Boughton, Mary Burton, Anne Burton, Jane Bradshaw, Eve Cassels, Nancy Charles, Kathleen Cherry, Anne Chisholm, Miss Cole, Ann Cooling, Brenda Cooling, Marion Cosford, Erica Cruikshank, Frances Dafoe, Lucy Deck, Hazel Dendy, Anne Dobson, Margaret Dowe, Barbara Drew-Brook, Patsy Earl, Flavia Elliott, Ann Espir, Miss Faulkner, Isabel Foulds, Margaret Foulds, Joyce Frankel, Joan

Frankel, Mrs. Gall, Elizabeth German, Helen German, Beverly Graham, Nancy Graham, Carmen Griffith, Betty Greenslade, Joan Hall, Mary Jean Hall, Barbara Hargraft, Mary Higginbottom, Jane Hill, Eleanor Hogarth, Marilyn Hogarth, Virginia Holden, Catherine Hore, Miss Johnston, Judith Kean, Sally Kingsmill, Leonore Koppel, Gertrude Koppel, Mademoiselle Lenoir, Patricia Leckie, Suzette Livingston, Audrey Lyons, Gloria Lyons, Nancy Marlow, Miss Sara Macdonald, Miss McMichael, Rosemary McDonald, Margaret McKelvey, Carolyn Massey, Elizabeth Merrill, Shirle Milner, Nancy Mills, Jean Morine, Oxford University Press, Jennifer

Parry, Christabel Parbury, Rosanna Parbury, Elva Parkinson, Honor Pass, Carol Pendrith, Miss Phillips, Diana Phillips, Alixe Phillips, Gail Purdy, Betty Rackham, Miss Read, Mrs. John Read, Jane Anne Rees, Elizabeth Ridell, Miss Robinson, Dorothy Robinette, Marjory Rogers, Wendy Rogers, Jane Rogers, Joyce Shone, Belinda Sharwood, Phillipa Sharwood, Judith Shoebottom, Miss Sime, Barbara Simpson, Margaret Simpson, Margaret Smythe, Ann Somers, Betty Snyder, Sally Spence, Jane Taylor, Joan Vanstone, Nancy Watson, Suzette Westcott, Robin Whyte, Dorothy Robertson.

WINTER

The snow is drifting softly round
Like feathers for a downy bed,
It makes a blanket for the town
Where Nature rests her weary
head.

And while she sleeps the children
play,

She dreams of laughing girls and
boys

No signs of sorrow, all are gay,
She smiles with thoughts of all
their joys.

The frozen pond her mirror cold
Reflects the gleam of shining
blades;

While on her hills the skiers bold
Skim shouting down the snowy
grades.

The sleighs with crunching run-
ners steer

Along the road beside the stream,
The jingling bells ring sharp and
clear

The horses' breaths are plumes of
steam.

Still Nature sleeps, though gently
stirs,

Prepares for spring and kinder
themes,

But when she wakes, casts off her
furs,

She'll treasure dear her winter
dreams.

VIRGINIA TORY
(Form 1A).



First Form at Work

Beta Kappa

Two outstanding social events mark the activity of the Beta Kappa for the past year, the annual Hallowe'en Masquerade, and the dance given by Miss Read for the pupils of the upper forms.

The chief feature of the Hallowe'en celebration was the skit by the staff which took the form of a military mock wedding. The bridegroom Miss Read, very Scotch in her "wee kilt" and "bonny" red wig, was met at the supposed altar by the bride, Miss McMichael, wearing her own happy smile, but—this time—on a "false face". As the bridal party marched down the aisle of the gymnasium to the strains of the wedding-march, they were greeted with uproarious applause and a shower of rice and confetti.

The school dance took place on the evening of February the seventh. Miss Read, assisted by Janet Brown, received the guests in the gymnasium which was gaily decorated with flags and military emblems.

Later in the term a campaign for the sale of War Saving Certificates resulted in the purchase of over two hundred and fifty dollars' worth of certificates and stamps by the pupils of the school.

JOAN VANSTONE
(Clan Stewart).

Opheleo

Looking back over the year's work of the Opheleo Society, we are grateful for the generous financial support we have received.

Our collections began on October the fourth with a sale of box-lunches, when over a hundred dollars was received for the Red Cross.

During Ramabai week, November the eighteenth to the twenty-fifth, the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars was collected for the Ramabai mission in India. Forty dollars of this was given by the girls in residence who economized in food, forty dollars was received from the Friday night entertainment, and the remainder through direct contributions to the fund.

At the Christmas season, twelve baskets containing food, clothing, toys and blankets were prepared and delivered to poor families.

The Lenten collections amounted to one hundred dollars. Fifty dollars of this was sent to support the Branksome Hall bed in Ludhiana hospital, India, and fifty dollars to Clarabai Gadore, a native teacher.

We expect to raise two hundred dollars, in addition to the sixty dollars, contributed on April fourth at the Junior school operetta, for the "Star Fresh Air Fund." This will make a total collection for the year 1940-41, of seven hundred dollars.

CHRISTINE PEARSE
(Clan MacGregor).

TALL PINES

I dwelt in nature's northern up-
land,
Region of pine and birch and lakes,
Of rock and wastes of sparkling
snow and sun.

Lonely it was, but with each sea-
son's change,
Came there such varying beauty,
and in that beauty
Deep contentment, that for a time
I lived
With peaceful mind and spirit
calm and free.

I journeyed to the utmost bounds
of every land;
I saw great cities with their build-
ings
Wrought of stone—some of beauty
unsurpassed

But when I saw my native shore,
and my heart leapt for joy
To stand upon it once again, the
fir trees stretched
Their soft and tender tips of
lightest green toward me,

Brushed me as I passed and wel-
comed me.

The maple's spring-time branches
formed a rosy archway
O'er my head as down that old
familiar path

I trod. The evening dusk and
breathless hush

Were pierced by slanting slender
shafts

Of sunlight slipping through the
scented foliage:

----- And now
the sun had set
Beyond my lake, my hills, my
home.

DARWINA FAESSLER
(Form V).

Sheila: Boarding school isn't as
much fun as I thought it would be.
I've read about girls having mid-
night feasts and doing exciting
things.

Judy: But Sheila if books told
about school as it really is nobody
would read them.



Form V Picnic

HORRORSCOPE

Name	Nick Name	Favorite Expression	Pet Aversion	Usual Occupation	Probable Future
Aikenhead, R. W.	Woofie	Spence is a rat!	Physics	Worrying	Nursing
Balfour, R. Baker, D. R. M.	Podie Rosy	Wha-at? Oh, well!	Gate crashers Wearing anything to keep up her stockings	Doing her hair Getting hours	A hostess Hollywood
Barber, E. R. Bisset, J. M.	Ruthie Biscuit	Hoot! Hoot! Well, I don't quite know!	Schoolwork Making up her mind	Library sitting Having too much prep.	Having fits A waitress!
Burroughes, M. M.	Goo	Yes, dear!	Lack of school spirit	Knitting	A deaness
Beddow, E. D.	Evie	I'm in agony	Displaying the Old Adam!	Making her own clothes	Something evil
Brown, J. E.	Brownie	H'mm?	Marionettes	Taking Mitch in hand	A dark horse
Chapman, S. A.	Sal	Ye gods and little fishes	Hangers on	Phoning or being phoned	A potter
Clarke, W. L.	Hepatica Clarke	Gad!	Paying for her own shows!	Looking down on people	"Singeing her pate against the burning zone."
Coulthard, I. E.	Drizzle	Now, dear!	Eating untidily	Being surprised	"A little mother to the others"
Crawford, M. G.	Crawf	What comes next, Dobson?	Doing prep.	Being influenced	A ski expert
Dickson, M. M.	Dickson	That'll be the day	"Letter-a-day Dickson"	Taking week ends	A secretary
Davis, S. N. W.	Sue	How come?	"Davies"	Starting her hope chest	A cross channel swimmer
Dibblee, N. J.	Dibblee	Oh, 1-2-3-4-5-6——!	Keeping a straight face	Getting in and out of hot water	Making or breaking records
Dobson, A. S.	Twinny	Oh, glory!	People who talk too much	Borrowing Joans' clothes	Inky
Dobson, J. C.	Twinny	Oh, come on Anne, we'll be late	Milk	Borrowing Anne's clothes	Quiz whiz
Donovan, B. C. B.	Donny	Heavens!	Porridge	Arriving late for school	Original interior decorator
Egbert, J. K.	Eggy	Honey Chile	Making gravy	Wanting a buttoner-up	An obliging husband to do the cooking
Elliott, J. B. V.	Barb	You can say that again	Walking	Disappearing	Glamour Girl!
Emmerson, M. E.	Muggins	Fummy-diddle!	Hiccups	Lending her rubber	A typist
Everett, K. E. P.	Everett	Oh, relax	Keeping quiet	Rushing round	A cave-woman
Faessler, D.	Dilly	Laugh? I thought I'd die!	Letting her hair down	Dilly-dallying	An actress
Fairley, N. E.	Fancy-pants!	Guess what?	School reports	Twiddling her specs.	A Harassed Housewife
Fowler, M. J.	Markie	For Mercys' sake	Lending her books	Shorthand	A Mannequin
Harbinson, K. N.	Penny	Where are we?	Trig.	Being here and there	Montreal

Name	Nick Name	Favorite Expression	Pet Aversion	Usual Occupation	Probable Future
Hickman, P. B.	Hicky	A BRAY (unwritable)	Spelling	Drawing Hanky-Foos	Red Cross worker
Hortop, G. F.	Gracie	Oh, Mess	Bringing her note	Theory	A composer
Horwill, J. C.	Beautiful	Goodness	Getting ruffled	Getting top marks	Something requiring brains
Hetherington, J. H.	Jean	Man alive	Bushy eyebrows	Stewart's faithful follower	Opera singer
Kerr, T. B.	Lovey	Oh, I nearly forgot	Hairy horses hard hoofy heels (wow)	Being V A President	A lawyer
Kinnear, E. A.	Corny	What's all this?	Training	Grinning	A basket-ball fiend
Kinnear, M. K.	Mary	Oh, Junior is so slow	Travelling in street cars	Leading the Gym Table	Undetermined
Koppel, L.	Lore	Heavens	Being taken for Karen	Making herself understood	Loyal Canadian
Livingston, S.	Suzy	Holy Mackerel	Classical music	Whipping round	A gay divorcee
Lounsbury, T. M.	Twilight	Hiya!	Lending her ink when it isn't returned	Receiving English mail	A bookkeeper
Lyons, A. J.	Audge	I forgot I'm mad at you	Gaining weight	"Mooning" around	Diving champ.
Mack, M. E.	Mary	A cute sort of chuckle	Clan meetings	Reading or writing letters	A dietician
McCartney, F. J.	Fran	Really?	Matric	Trying out new hair dos	Fisher-woman
McLachlan, J.	Fritz	My little brother's bigger'n me	Scoring at basket-ball matches	Being taken for younger than she is	Biologist
McKellar, E. A.	E. A.	How amazing	Having her picture taken	Typing the live long day	Skating champion
Mitchell, E. E.	Mitch	Hi, Jenny	Not getting enough to eat	Looking up to people	A home maker
Morrish, S.	Shirle	Oh?	Blind dates	Waiting for Saturday night	A lassie
Nathanson, J. N.	Jean	Yipes!	Too few clothes	Carrying a pile of Books	An Historian
New, M.	Marnie	Hello!	Fuzzy hair	Minding her own business	Concert pianist
Pearse, C.	Chrissy	My dear	Gloom	Being an excellent prefect	A vet.
Phair, M. C.	Tooly	Oh, biddle-baddle!	Unsports	Drinking water	Olympic Games
Phillips, A. B.	Al	Grumpy, or H. D. S.	Sitting in a normal position	Bathing the baby	A second Paul Revere
Phillips, D.	Di	Get it next weekend	Carbohydrates	Reading best sellers	An artist
Purvis, M. F.	Puss	Guess who phoned me last night?	"Horrible Puss"	Studying	A soap-box orator
Raible, J. G.	Jane	I don't understand about this	Hurrying	Day-dreaming	Keeping her irons hot
Robertson, D.	Boo	"Tisshle me"	Short telephone calls	Writing letters	A second Rembrandt?
Ramsay, P. G.	Pat	Stuff like that there	Men who don't give up their seats in cars	Sketching	Career girl
Robinson, P. B.	Phoebe	He doesn't appeal to me	Her middle name	Borrowing Peggy's prep.	A gentle woman

Name	Nick Name	Favorite Expression	Pet Aversion	Usual Occupation	Probable Future
Shoebottom, S. L.	Shoey	I'll get my man!	Parrots	Trying to find small enough shoes	A violent ice-hockey fan
Sims, M. A. B.	Simmy	You dull thud	Dieting	Touring the country in fast cars	Skeleton in the cupboard
Smith, H. I.	Smithy	Heavenly day	Liver	Playing the piano	Mathematics
Turner, D. G.	Dot	What's new	"Supercilious opinionated catty kids"	Chattering	Carrying conscience tray downstairs!
Vanstone, B. J.	Van	Remind me to phone	High heeled shoes	Organizing War Savings	A bean
Wakefield, F. M.	Fluff	'Bye now	All forms of insect life	Driving round	A fashionable woman
Waterman, K. B.	Kay	We've got to co-operate	Going without letters	Collecting money	A dress designer
Watson, N. H. B.	Nanny Goat	Have you heard?	Losing weight	Going steady with Dorothy Robertson	Assistant to a great detective
Wells, B. E.	Bet	Shirle give me my lunch	Boys without cars	Powdering her nose	Marriage
Wells, S. A.	Shirl	Hi, kiddo	Dressing differently from Bette	Draping herself about	Peacemaker for Bette and her hubby
Whitby, P. E.	Paul	That's ridiculous	Slacking	Suing	A social butterfly
Whitehead, C. L. M.	Kay	Oh, I wouldn't know	Her brother	Robbing the cradle and the grave	A correspondent
Wood, N. J.	Nan	Let's see	Exams	Tying her head up in scarves	Reforestation

By four members of the fifth (who prefer to remain anonymous) helped and hindered by the suggestions, inspirations and indignant repudiations of the rest of the form.

MacAlpine Douglas Stewart McLeod



A Channel Crossing

CAST: The Fat Woman; Mother; Little Girl; Old Gentleman; The Steward; Doris and Jim (a young couple) ; Doris' Father; A Nun.

Scene: The saloon of a cross-channel boat, sailing from Dover to Calais. On a long couch down one side sits a nervous lady holding a coat and suit-case which obviously belong to her little daughter, who kneels on the seat beside her, looking out of the port-hole. Next to her is a fat woman who produces a pork pie from a big black bag beside her and starts to eat it. On the opposite side of the saloon sits an old gentleman and a young couple.

Fat Woman: "Gettin' choppy, ain't it?" (goes on munching.)

Little Girl: "Mummy, do you think they'll notice it? What will happen if they do?" (fingers a bump under her blouse caused by a bag hung around her neck.)

Mother: (on looking round nervously) "Hush! Someone will hear; now play with your book like a good girl . . Oh dear! I do feel sick!"

Fat Woman: "'Ave a sandwich mum? Ma mother always said as 'ow you should keep yer strength up, she said, an' I always finds that whatever the trouble, you faces it better on a full stomach."

Mother: (The sight of the fat woman enjoying her pork-pie despite the pitching of the boat makes her start up to go on deck. She composes herself and answers weakly): "N-no thank you." The old gentleman starts, searches through his pockets, and, on finding what he is looking for, sinks back with a sigh of relief. The fat woman takes out a sandwich, but does not notice how green everyone is beginning to look.

Doris: (In a low voice to Jim) "Do you think we're nearly there? Oh, Jim, I'm scared! What if they trace us?"

Jim: "Don't worry, darling. Everything's going to be fine now. They can't find us."

Fat Woman: "Ma mother said to me time and again," she said, "Elsie whatever you do don't forget that."

The little girl is playing with the bag round her neck. Her mother seizes it and hides it under the child's blouse. On looking round she notices the suspicious gaze of the young couple. The old gentleman fumbles through his pockets again, goes red, and looks round to see if anyone has noticed him.

Little Girl: "Mother, let's go up on deck."

Fat Woman: "It's cold on deck. Take a sandwich with you," (She takes out an apple).

Little Girl: "No, thank you." (The mother and little girl are just going out as a steward enters.)

Steward: "Sorry, mum, you can't go out. There's a jewel thief on board and everyone must stay where they are until he's found."

Doris: "How soon shall we arrive?"

Steward: "Quite soon, Miss. If you have noticed anybody behaving suspiciously keep your eyes on them." (Exit)

Jim: "I'm sure the old man's the thief. You saw how nervous he was for fear that he had lost something."

Old Gentleman: (on overhearing) "Come to that, Sir, your own conversation could not pass entirely without suspicion. Who is going to trace you . . . ?"

Fat Woman: (after a tense pause) "In a crisis like this, ma mother always told me as 'ow a should keep ma strength up. Will ya 'ave a pie, Miss?" (To Doris) "Oh, very well." (She starts to eat another pie.)

Mother: "Maybe you're keeping the jewels in some of your pork pies. I think you should empty that bag so that we can see."

Doris: "By the amount and rate at which she is eating there wouldn't be any room left for jewels after her snack had been put in."

Fat Woman: "Well, I always believes in keepin' yer strength up and that prevents you from gettin' edgy and accusin' other people."

Jim: "Come to think of it ma'am, how about showing us what's in your little girl's bag?"

The mother draws her daughter to her and everyone except the fat woman sits quite still watching the others intently. The fat woman eats steadily. (Enter steward.)

Steward: We're just about to dock. Please remain here until the police come."

A silence so tense prevails that the fat woman stops eating long enough to return the suspicious stares of the others. (Enter steward.)

Steward: "It's all right, folks. The thief has been found in the crew's quarters. You may all go now." (Exit. An audible sigh of relief is heard.)

Fat Woman: "Now if you 'ad all a kept yer strength up you wouldn't 'ave got 'et up over nothing." (Starts to eat a final pie as she packs her bags.)

Old Gentleman: "I think I owe you an apology, sir. I'm sorry. The cause of my nervousness was my passport. So often I have lost or forgotten it that the authorities said that there would be trouble with the police next time."

As he exits another old gentleman enters. Doris rushes to him.



*The Sherborne School girls with Miss Reader Harris (head of the group),
Miss Lee Evans and Miss Ross Sanderson.*



SHERBORNE PREFECTS

*Angela Riddell, Rosanne Parkinson, Shirley Trethewey, Veronica Owen
Rosamond Wharton.*

Doris: Daddy!"

Doris' Father: "Doris, dear, you didn't need to run away. Mum and I flew over and we've got all the arrangements made for the wedding."

Jim: "You're not angry, sir?"

Doris' Father: "No, my boy. Congratulations." (They go out together.)

A nun enters and helps the mother put on the child's coat and hat. As she does so, the string breaks and the bag bursts on the floor revealing several pretty shells. The little girl begins to cry.

Nun: "Don't cry, dear. They are not broken. How pretty they are! You will be able to show them to your friends."

Mother: "You don't mind her having them? We were so afraid that you wouldn't let Betty keep them so we hid them."

(The nun leads the little girl out, followed by the mother leaving the fat woman, smilingly, finishing her last pork-pie.)

CURTAIN

HELEN MORTON
(Form IV C).

Adieu Mr. Frost

With cold white fists the Frost	Already in my mind the grasses
beats on the door	sing;
And threatens to invade our warm	Now whispering in persuasive
abode.	unison
With icy boots he fain would	They breathe into each bud a
freeze the floor	breath of spring
And chill the oaken beams with	And preen their blades beneath
breath of snow.	the warming sun.
No longer do we wish him welcome	The shrivelled roots unclench and
here;	struggle down
The green things bid him take his	Within the garden of my straying
shivering cares	Thought;
And hide his lusty self until next	But Winter's still supreme, and I
year—	must frown
We want no salesman peddling	On fancies that my idle dreaming
winter wares!	brought.

ZILLAH CAUDWELL.
(Form IV C).

A Letter From Germany

Vaterland Strausse 7,
Berlin, Germany,
December 20, 1940.

Mr. Franz Meyrick,
5000 Liberty Drive,
New York City.

My beloved Franz:

I miss you sadly, my son, and it grieves me to think of you so far away from home in these trying times. My heart was with you, my dear, throughout all the day of your marriage. I cannot seem to realize that my little boy is now a man, and has found a lovely wife for himself in the new world. I see again our little family, grouped around the table on a bright Sunday morning. You and little Hans wriggling and squirming in your church clothes, while your father, in his pastor's jacket, asks the blessing on our meal. How saintly he looks, with a shaft of sunlight falling across his bowed head!

Yesterday I was allowed to see your father at the internment camp near the border. It was a long, trying journey there. He is well, and he sends his blessings to you and dear Anne..... (Yes, I saw him! Your poor dear father in prison, because he dared to make known his belief in God.)

Your brother Hans is away a great deal now, so Gretchen and the baby are living here with me. We.....(or rather, I am living with them. She is a true

daughter of the Fatherland, and her complete existence strives toward one goal—that of providing sons for the Fuehrer's armies. She is the cruel heartless wife of your cruel and worthless brother. I am ashamed to admit that one of my Christian sons has become the worshipper of a living idol.....)

I do not often meet any of our old friends, but I occasionally see a familiar face in the market place. We have enough food(but barely enough!) There is no room for old people in Germany's new world, and my generation is rapidly dying of hunger and heartbreak.)

I am sorry that I shall not be able to see you and your wife here in your native land, before I die(Stay in America, Franz—and may the poison, with its source in the distorted and corrupt mind of one man, never contaminate the life blood which flows in the veins of God-fearing, free people, everywhere.....)

Your ever-loving,
Mother.

SHIRLE MILNER
(Form IV A).

M. S. writing an application for a position: "For reference concerning my character, I am enclosing two of my friends."

How I Met Mr. Smith, M.M.

(Master Magician)

I was walking down the Strand one rainy November afternoon when I first met Mr. Smith.

"I'm sorry", I said when we collided, "I didn't see you."

"Quite all right," he answered, "My fault entirely. As we are going in the same direction won't you share my umbrella?"

"Thank you very much," I replied gratefully, "Can you suggest a good place for me to lunch?"

He did not reply immediately, and then asked if I would not lunch with him at his flat. I thanked him, but said I thought I had stay in town as I had not very long to shop. He was again silent for a few minutes and then he muttered something like this:

Glass cucumbers in Japan,

Snails in France.

I never could, I never can

Give them more than a glance.

I looked at him, or at least at where he ought to have been, in amazement, but no one was there. I looked down at my feet but I could not see them either. I then heard a voice beside me muttering:

Crunch, crunch, crunch!

Home to lunch.

Up, up, upper!

Home to supper.

We rose swiftly and the voice continued:

"For heaven's sake don't let go of that umbrella, and don't speak until I say you can."

I obeyed him, and after a few minutes of flying, we dropped very fast into a large flat in an ordinary block of city apartments.

I landed with a slight bump in an armchair which immediately began to sing. There was a flash and both Mr. Smith and I became visible again.

"Sorry if I scared you," Mr. Smith remarked, "but as you wouldn't come in an ordinary way you had to come in an extraordinary way. Now let me answer your question (Oh yes, you have asked me.)—I am commonly known as Mr. Smith (my real name is far too long) and am the only magician of this century. Now what about some sherry?"

"Tha-a-ank you" I answered, and when the decanter and glasses grew legs, and walked to me, and poured themselves out, I shut my eyes and sighed.

"Oh yes, you really are awake. I will give you my address and you can come over to see me any time," said Mr. Smith, and handed

me a card. I thanked him, drank the sherry, and my glass was filled again. I sat gazing at him.

"What about lunch?" Mr. Smith suggested. I nodded and he clapped his hands. The table ran up and stopped in front of me, sprouted hands, and laid itself. In five minutes a lunch of sausages, mashed potatoes, ice-cream and chocolate sauce was ready served before us. Having eaten this, I then leant back in my chair, and it was not long before Mr. Smith spoke again.

"I suppose you are wondering why I brought you here?" he said, "Well, you see, I am rather tired of keeping to myself; I decided to get some one sensible to come and keep me company at times. Of course," he added apologetically, "You don't have to come unless you want to"

Of course I should love to," I answered eagerly, "I am very much interested."

He continued, "I cannot, of course, teach you any magic, but I can take you on the most interesting trips over the world and in all centuries." I gasped. "Now—your shopping. What is it you want?"

"Brown walking shoes, and an afternoon dress." I answered. . . . A blue dot came before my eyes and when it disappeared I found a selection of shoes and dresses to choose from.

"Of course," said Mr. Smith modestly, "they are really all the same." I stared at him. "I mean," he added hastily, "that I could change them at any time to suit you."

"Thank you very much," I said, choosing a dress and a pair of shoes.

"Now," said he, "are you sure that is everything?"

"Yes, thanks," I answered.

"I will take you to Piccadily and you can catch the next train home. Keep hold of me. Ready?"

I took his hand and then we were again flying over London. It was a thrilling journey and it was not long before we alighted at Paddington station.

"I must leave you now," said Mr. Smith, "you have my address. Come and see me any time you want to, will you not?" I agreed; he was gone; soon I was going back to Oxford in an ordinary train with ordinary people.

I now visit Mr. Smith often and we have become great friends. He has taken me to Spain, India, Canada, Australia, in many different centuries, and I have seen explorers, kings, and episodes that I know well from history.

I enjoy visiting Mr. Smith very much and I have told you the story of how I first met him, but, of course, his address must remain secret.

KAY WATSON
(Form IIA).

The Safe Harbour

Most schools in Holland are co-educational and are nearly all private schools, the fees based upon a percentage of the father's income.

Our summer holidays are one month shorter than in Canada because we do not have such hot summers. Last year when the fifteenth of July came, I went off to camp for ten days and then set out with my parents for France. On the third of September came the declaration of war.

On May tenth the morning broadcast gave us the dreadful news of the invasion of Holland, we felt sick at heart, but it was a great help to hear our Queen speaking through the radio and telling us not to lose our courage.

Then our land was so riddled with spies and so many parachutists and disguised troops who had been smuggled into the country, that our soldiers, who fought like lions, had to capitulate. If you know that the proportion was one Dutch soldier to six Germans and at some places one to twenty, you will understand why the Dutch had to stop fighting. Rotterdam was nearly all destroyed and also Dordrecht, the great centre of rivers, roads and railways.

But we did not stop fighting altogether. Our Queen went to London with her government to rule her empire from there. Nearly our whole fleet was saved and fights now with the British and here in Canada Dutch soldiers are trained to go to England and help their English comrades. A great number are already there.

But while all this was going on, we were still in France. Now Paris was taken and we went South, but very soon it was not safe for us to stay there, so we went to Bordeaux. On the nineteenth of June, the day of the collapse of France, we left for Portugal. We had enormous difficulties in getting all the necessary visas because all the consulates were overrun by people wanting to leave, but in the end we got our papers in order and went to the Spanish frontier. It is interesting to know that the frontier between France and Spain is a bridge of only nine hundred feet which you can pass only by car or on foot. We left our car in France and so we had to walk. It seemed miles. At the other end we stood and waved for a long time to our friends, but had to leave to catch the train.

Spain is the poorest and dirtiest land I have ever seen. The children are all underfed, pale and sick. The country is dry and one does not see anything but cork trees. At the Portuguese frontier you pass a shabby little station, but as soon as you enter Portugal you find



PREFECTS

*Isobel Coulthard, Peggy Phair, Joan Vanstone, Kay Waterman, Christine Pearse,
Dorothy Turner, Peggy Purvis, Janet Brown, Winnifred Clarke,
Mary Burroughes.*



SUB-PREFECTS

*Back Row—Sally Chapman, Andrea McCall, Barbara Elliott, Mary Dickson,
Margery Crawford.
Middle Row—Audrey Joy Lyons, Suzette Livingston, Gaynor Powell, Susan Davis,
Marcia Fowler, Helen Russell, Jane Egbert, Kay Everett.
Front Row—Jocelyn Baker, Pat Stockton, Kay Whitehead, Shirley, Shoebottom,
Eleanor Mitchell, Pauline Whitby, Ruth Barber.*

everything clean and prosperous. We stayed two weeks in Portugal, in Estoril, a sea-side resort, near Lisbon.

In the end we found a freighter which took us to Canada. It was a Portuguese ship, very dirty, but the people were so kind that the voyage really was a pleasure. There were eleven passengers, but we had to take our meals in two divisions, as the dining-room was too small to hold all of us at once.

Then came the happy landing in Canada! You do not know what Canada means to us. It means freedom, freedom from the German swastika and all that that implies. The Canadians were all extremely kind. It was really marvellous and we felt at home from the first moment. It was for us the safe harbour.

(Clan Douglas).

Watching A Circus

"Out of the way!" shouted the policeman as the parade slowly made its way through the crowded street. There was a buzz of excitement, and the people parted to make way for the circus. For the children it was a never-to-be forgotten day.

The drum-major, dressed in red and gold, and twirling her gilt baton, led the procession in grand style. Behind her came the band, playing vigorously the tune "Come to the Fair." The mob shouted hysterically as the clowns skipped to and fro, laughing and screaming and teasing the nearby onlookers. Next, came the dancing-girls in a cloud of frills and streamers, mounted on huge white horses. A whole procession of animals in cages followed. The lions and tigers were roaring; the giraffe, with his neck extended far above the iron bars, looked down, as if with contempt, upon the mob below. Animals and more animals! Animals of every size, colour, and description! It just seemed as though Noah's Ark had made a reappearance. As a grand finale to this thrilling spectacle, the circus-queen rode by in her golden chariot, which was drawn by eight black beauties, adorned with red plumes.

Thousands cheered from the over-crowded bleachers, and threw their caps in the air with glee, as the performers filed into the ring which had been erected for the purpose. Amid much shouting, the ring-master made his entrance, a magnificent creature with long mustachios and a white waistcoat. He bowed right and left, top hat in hand, and cracked his whip as a signal for the show to begin. In swept the delightful bareback riders on their prancing ponies. Gracefully they leaped from horse to horse at full gallop, blowing kisses and smiling.

One can imagine the sensation they caused when, with great skill, they jumped through hoops and landed on their toes on the next horse.

Then the clown came on. How the people roared at him! He tried to get on to a horse and he could not; he tried to stand on a chair and failed; he tried to do conjuring tricks and he dropped everything; he tried to walk across the ring and he slipped at every step. He fell over his trousers; he fell over the ring-master; he quarreled with the ring-master; the ring-master knocked him down. He said the funniest things. The crowd went, literally, hoarse with laughter.

Open-mouthed and tense, they watched a collie dog carry in its puppy, give it a bottle of milk and put it in its cradle; watched the elephant pick out numbers at the direction of the ring-master; watched the monkey ride a bicycle and pelt the clown with sawdust. But the last item on the programme was the most stupendous. It began with a tight-rope walker doing balancing stunts high above the ground. Then, more daring still, she joined the two acrobats, who were hanging by their feet and swinging at a dizzy height from a trapeze. The audience held its breath with suspense while she was swung from one to another through the air, and finally dropped into a net. The applause was overwhelming.

Never had anyone enjoyed watching a circus so much before, and the opinion of the spectators was admirably summed up by a little fellow who cried out: "Wasn't it super!"

AUDREY LYONS
(Form V A).

What Canadian Women's Organizations Are Doing In The War

With a steadily rising sense of efficiency, Canadian women are finding many ways in which to be of service to their country, and to help the fighting forces. Organizations and clubs have been formed all over Canada for this purpose, without which we could never hope to win the war.

Some of these clubs sew and knit for the countless refugees, who have come over to our country, making new clothes, remaking old ones,

cleaning, pressing, and mending them. Knitting socks, sweaters, and mitts for the soldiers is also a great part of their work.

Many young women are taught how to become good shots, in such groups as the "C.A.T.S." of Toronto (Canadian Auxiliary Territorial Service). They learn also first-aid, motor mechanics, and military cooking.

Some clubs collect magazines, books, games, and other means of amusement, and send them regularly to the Army, Navy, and Airforce.

Others study the Morse code so that, if it is a long war, as many people believe it will be, they will be able to carry on for the men.

A great many of these organizations also help to clothe thousands of homeless people, and they collect many hundreds of pounds of wearables and blankets for those who need them. Or they save for victory and collect scrap material of all kinds. One such plan which is outstandingly successful is known as the Brantford "Victory Bag."

In most of the Canadian ports a weekly party has been planned for the sailors, and volunteers dance also with the soldiers in entertainment centres, because many of the boys are very lonely and welcome the evening's fun.

Numbers of girls' patriotic clubs also run restaurants for the benefit of their war charities. Others study map-reading under expert tutelage. They are anxious to master this work to prepare for any emergency.

In many Canadian cities the Women's Voluntary Service Corps has been organized. The members wear uniforms with distinction and smartness, and learn such things as first-aid, mastering tractors, to drive cars and ambulances well, and to make running repairs, under the direction of two of the big automobile manufacturers.

London's "Treasure Chest" is a good example of the successful war work being done by women in many centres where shops have been opened and donated contributions sold to those who can use them.

At the canteens, different clubs take charge for certain days of the week, and there they cook and serve and entertain the troops.

There are many organizations also who prepare bandages and dressings for the wounded.

Countless patriotic clubs and other organizations are located all over our country, doing many things which are essential in time of war. The best way that we can be of service to our country is to co-operate with them and do anything we possibly can for them.

DOROTHY ROBERTSON
(Form VA).

Calendar 1940-1941

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| Sept. 11th—School re-opened. | Jan. 10th—Ski movies. |
| Sept. 13th—Gathering of the Clans. | Jan. 15th—Littlefield Ballet. |
| Sept. 20th—Picnic at Farm. | Jan. 19th—Mr. Hunter. |
| Sept. 26th—Promenade Concert. | Jan. 25th—Hockey — Maple Leaf Gardens. |
| Sept. 27th—Sherborne entertained B.H. | Jan. 26th—Dr. Northcote Deck. |
| Sept. 30th—Red Cross Box Lunch-eon. | Jan. 30th—Mrs. Ashworth, Alaska. |
| Sept. 30th—Alumnae Tea. | Jan. 31st—Skiing. |
| Oct. 1st—Second Form Picnic. | Feb. 3rd—Sir Ernest MacMillan. |
| Oct. 2nd—Third Form Picnic. | Feb. 7th—The Dance. |
| Oct. 3rd—Fourth Form Picnic. | Feb. 10th—Russian Ballet. |
| Oct. 6th—Miss Nicoll. | Feb. 13th—Henry IV. |
| Oct. 11th—Thanksgiving Week-end. | Feb. 14th—Week-end. |
| Oct. 15th—B. Ball, B.H. vs. B.S.S. Don Cossacks. | Feb. 21st—French Play. |
| Oct. 20th—Miss Broomhall. | Feb. 23rd—Principal Armitage. |
| Oct. 22nd—B. Ball, B.H. vs. H.L.C. | Feb. 28th—Third Form Play. |
| Oct. 23rd—Installation of Prefects. | Feb. 28th—Toronto Symphony. |
| Oct. 26th—B. Ball, St. Clements vs. B.H. | Mar. 3rd—Professor Ingholt. |
| Nov. 1st—Masquerade. | Mar. 7th—Second Form Play. |
| Nov. 5th—Templeton. | Mar. 7th—Ottawa Week-end. |
| Nov. 8th—Mme. de Griffenberg. | Mar. 14th—Skating Carnival. |
| Nov. 8th—Fourth Form Plays. | Mar. 16th—Dr. Page. |
| Nov. 15th—Fifth Form Plays. | Mar. 18th—Toronto Symphony. |
| Nov. 16th—Week-end. | Mar. 24th—Wendell Willkie. |
| Nov. 19th—Dorothy Maynor. | Mar. 28th—Dinner Party. |
| Nov. 21st—Rachmaninoff. | Apr. 4th—Junior Operetta. |
| Nov. 29th—Ramabai. | Apr. 6th—Rev. Clifford Grant. |
| Dec. 1st—Miss Nicoll. | Apr. 8th—School closed. |
| Dec. 3rd—Art Galley. | Apr. 21st—School re-opened. |
| Dec. 8th—Mrs. Stacey Woods. | Apr. 29th—P.T. Demonstration. |
| Dec. 15th—Carol Service. | May 3rd—Il Trovatore. |
| Dec. 17th—School Closed. | May 5th—Philadelphia Orchestra. |
| Jan. 8th—School re-opened. | May 10th—Alumnae Dinner. |
| | May 11th—Miss Dickie. |
| | May 30th—Strawberry Festival. |
| | June 13th—House Picnic. |
| | June 16th—Prize Giving. |

JUNIORS



Bobby In Orchestralia

"Tick-tack, tick-tack," went the metronome on the piano. "Tick-tack, tick-tack," it sang out gaily as Bobby thumped away at his five-finger exercise. Suddenly, the banging stopped and the practising became listless. Something strange had happened. The rhythmic beating of the metronome changed to a languid lullaby. Bobby's hands slipped from the keyboard and his head dropped in his arms—Bobby had drifted to Dreamland.

"Tap-tap-tap-tap." This time it came from the feet of the metronome clicking on the pavement as he and Bobby walked down the avenue.

"Say, are you really alive?" asked Bobby of his new companion. "I've always thought of you as just a wooden box and not the least bit interesting."

"Certainly, I'm alive and much too lively for your playing," retorted the metronome. "The trouble is you always turn a deaf ear to me when I speak to you. But now that we seem to be on better terms, how would you like to come along home and meet my family?"

"Fine!" answered Bobby, "that sounds exciting."

And soon he was in the music-shop being introduced to the metronome's strange relations.

"First, I want you to meet my mother," the metronome said, "that beautiful golden creature with the rippling voice. Mother Harp, meet Bobby." Bobby bowed low. "Now, say hello to Dad."

"Good day, sir, but I didn't know you were the father of the family," said Bobby, forgetting his manners.

"I'm not the largest if that's what you mean," answered the Bass Viol, "but it is because in an orchestra, I'm a good strong background. That's why I'm called the Father of the Family."

"Ho," said Bobby vaguely.

Next, he was meeting Grandma and Grandpa. Politely, he said, "How do you do?" to the dear old Grand Piano, while Grandfather Organ piped up pleasantly, "Glad to know you, sonny."

Then his gaze fell on a lovely creature resting near by.

"That's my sister," explained Metronome.

"Have you come for my wedding?" asked Miss Violin in a divine voice.

"Yes, of course," muttered Bobby—and then there was a crash to add to his bewilderment.

"Sorry, if they startled you," continued the girl of the sweet tones. "They are the cymbal twins, our cousins. They are rather noisy."

"Indeed," gulped Bobby, but his relief was short-lived.

Immediately, there followed a blast from the Bugle and a terrific rumbling from the Drum.

"Oh, don't mind those big brothers of mine," comforted Metronome. "They are not nearly as terrible as they sound. That was just their way of announcing the guests. Here they come, Uncle Trombone is calling out their name—Miss Clarinet, Signorita Guitar, Major Trumpet, Minor Saxophone, Monsieur French Horn. I'll bet you can hear him for miles around, but now I must leave you for a while."

With that, metronome stepped up to the Conductor's stand, and lifted his baton. The others scurried to their places, and, at the given signal started playing the Wedding March as up the aisle came the bridegroom, Mr. Cello, smooth-looking and serious, who was presently joined by his shining bride. The Reverend Mr. Oboe proceeded to marry them, interrupted for a moment with a solo from Baby Piccolo. The ceremony over, the happy couple slipped away in the musical box for a honeymoon, and Mr. Accordion, with a gay tune, turned the party over to dancing. Bobby whirled around with the rest of them, whirling and whirling until Bang!—he thumped his head.

"Tick-tack, tick-tack." Bobby awoke! A voice called sharply, "Bobby do get on with your practising."

Bobby lifted his hands to the keyboard. He looked up. There was the Metronome, just a wooden box again, with no legs, nor arms, nor face, beating away regularly as it used to do.

Mechanically, Bobby resumed his five-finger exercise.

"Well," said Bobby, "anyhow we're better friends now aren't we?"

And the metronome answered in positive tones, "tick-tock, tick-tock."

GLORIA LYONS
(Junior IV).

The Lion and His Complex

Once upon a time, before even the first, faint flush of history, there lived an unhappy lion. When the Spirit of the Cocconut Palm had made him strong and handsome, he had, alas! forgotten to make him brave. And he had also failed to provide him with a voice to match his size. These two omissions gave the poor lion an inferiority complex.

One day he was walking in the forest when an orange dropped, but he was so nervous that to him it sounded like a heavy footfall, and he trembled from head to foot. At this, a monkey called out, "Fraidy cat! Fraidy cat! Fraid of an orange!" and the other monkeys took up the chorus, "Fraidy cat! Fraidy cat! Fraid of an orange!"

The lion blushed right to the tip of his tail, and slipped deeper into the woods. As he walked along, a giraffe stepped out in front of him. The lion beat a hasty retreat, and then wept copiously behind a banana tree.

All this time, the poor beast had not tasted a morsel of meat, since he was too timid to kill anything. He became thinner and thinner, thinner and thinner, thinner and thinner, until he was but a shadow of his former self. At last, he went to the Spirit of the Cocconut Palm and asked him to do something about his timidity. The Spirit listened attentively, and then, passing his hand over the lion's head, said, "When you next

meet an animal, just squeak your loudest and it will go."

The lion thanked the Spirit politely and trotted off. The first animal he met was a leopard. "Fraidy cat!" taunted the leopard.

The lion remembered his instructions and started to squeak. But, instead of the squeak, came a roar—the very same roar that you hear today if you chance to meet a lion. The leopard stared in astonishment and then ran away.

The lion went through the forest, roaring as he went, and with his roar his courage developed; the more the animals ran from him, the bolder he grew. He ate other animals by the hundreds, and became so lordly and domineering that he was called "The King of Beasts."

MARY RINGSLEBEN
(Intermediate).



SPRING

Spring! Spring! is in the air,
 Flowers blossom everywhere
 Roses red and lupins blue,
 Soon will bow their heads to you.

Spring! Spring! is in the air,
 Birds are flying everywhere
 Blackbird, thrush, and chaffinch
 gay,
 Darting round as if in play.

Spring! Spring! is in the air,
 Children playing everywhere,
 Some in green and yellow dresses,
 Smiling faces, flowing tresses.

A. BEARE
 (Senior III).

A WONDERFUL THRILL

I love to ride on a sleigh
 To sit there ever so still
 To slide down the hill a long way,
 Is a wonderful thrill.

To see all the people go by,
 Then down, down, down
 To where the valley doth lie,
 Where winter is in her white gown.

JANE ROGERS
 (Senior III).

SNOW

Snow, snow, beautiful snow,
 Over the house-tops it will blow,
 Over the fence and window pane.
 Snow, snow, come back again.

PAMELA FULFORD
 (Junior III).

MY DOG

One day Toby went out to play.
 She got lost down the street. The
 little girl found her outside her
 door. She brought her into the
 house. Toby stayed all night. In
 the morning Mother found her
 down the street again. She
 brought her home. Toby was so
 excited when we came home from
 school. We were so glad to see
 Toby, and that is the end of my
 story.

GAIL PURDY
 (Form I).

A WALK

Once Phillippa and I went out
 for a walk in the field and Borro
 found a rabbit-hole.

He went down the rabbit hole
 and he got the mother rabbit and
 killed her.

Phillippa put her hand down the
 hole and pulled out a little white
 rabbit and we took it home.

BELINDA SHARWOOD
 (Form I).

RAIN

Pitter, patter, goes the rain
 Dancing on the window-pane
 How I hope it soon will stop,
 And out again the sun will pop.

KATHLEEN CHERRY
 (Junior III).

Syria

Syria is a French possession north-east of Palestine. It is a beautiful country, mostly covered with olive groves and pine trees. On the west the Lebanon mountains slope right down to the Mediterranean sea, and are separated from the Anti-Lebanon mountains by the lovely green Becca plain, rather like a chess-board, with its fields bordered with trees and hedges.

Still farther away from the sea, beyond the Anti-Lebanon mountains, is Damascus, one of the oldest cities in the country, situated right on the desert, where caravans of camels arrive nearly every day, led by the burly Sheiks with weather-beaten, kindly faces.

One quarter of the desert is Syrian, the remainder stretches over most of Iraq to Bagdad where little four-year-old King Feisal may some day reign.

I go to a French school, every day except Sundays, with one or two French girls, but mostly native children. Practically everyone speaks a little French and you could not get along without it.

In winter we manage to ski on the Lebanon mountains which are covered with snow from Christmas to Easter; steel sleigh-runners are impossible because they sink in the soft snow; sometimes there is only hail. We can also swim on sunny winter days and we have skied and swum on the same day.

During the week, after work and school, Daddy and I love getting out the horses and having a good race up the beach.

The natives are very tanned and the real Arab is hospitable, very polite, and can be thoroughly trusted. Their every-day costume is a square kind of bag with two holes for trousers, and a square shirt. On their heads, they wear a triangular handkerchief, with a black band to keep it on. Lately, in the towns and cities, the natives wear the





THE PRINCIPAL AND STAFF

Front Row—Miss Sime, Miss Tyrrell, Miss Craig, Miss Robinson, Miss Read, Miss Reader Harris, Miss Phillips, Miss Lenoir, Miss MacLaggan.

Middle Row—Miss Edmison, Mrs. Perry, Miss Johnston, Miss Ing, Miss Shaw, Miss MacNeill, Miss Alston, Miss Faulkner, Miss DeWitt, Miss McLellan, Miss Gunsaulus.

Back Row—Miss Maxwell, Miss McLean, Miss Howitt, Miss Coombs, Miss MacGregor, Miss Lee Evans, Miss Armstrong, Mrs. Upjohn, Mrs. Chipman.



FIRST BASKETBALL TEAM

Rosemary Baker, Peggy Phair, Joan Vanstone, Kay Everett, Ruth Beynon, Winnie Clarke (Captain).

Turkish hat which is dark red and shaped like a tin can, with a black tassel hanging from the top.

Black goats, and white or creamy sheep, flock about the plains in winter and crowd the mountains in summer; little donkeys trot all over the place, sometimes carrying men twice as big as themselves. Horses are rare near the coast, but in Damascus every rich man has a stable of lovely Arab horses with fine, highly-carried heads and slender legs.

All over the country there are old Roman remains; the most beautiful of the Castles is "Crag des Chevaliers" in which it is very easy to get lost in the passages. On the Becca plain, three old temples have a number of forty-foot pillars still standing, each made out of one big block of granite. After a rain we sometimes drive over to "Pottery Hill," a little sand-hill, where a rich man's house had probably stood in ancient times; here we usually find over twenty-five greenish Roman coins and some antiques.

Syria is a wonderful place for archaeology, beauty, and fun; I like it because it is home.

ERICA CRUIKSHANK
(Intermediate).

A Window Display

It was in the picturesque city of old Quebec. I was walking down one of its narrow streets, when I saw this most attractive window display. It was so unusual and one not to be seen in our city of Toronto.

The first things that drew my attention were some beautiful hand-hooked rugs. From a distance, they looked like paintings on the wall. One, in particular, stands out in my memory. It was a real Quebec scene with a house in the valley with mountains covered with snow and evergreen trees. In the distance, there was an old French sleigh, drawn by a team of horses. In the sleigh I could see some figures of a French family, the children wearing bright red touques.

Some of these rugs had boats that from a distance looked quite natural in the blue water.

Next, I looked at the hand-made ships. One was a replica of a schooner with two masts. They were of all sizes and prices and the work was very well done. The Frenchmen carve the wood by hand and spend many a long evening during the winter making these lovely things for the tourists.

Then I spied some woollen sashes, like we girls wear around our waists in the winter to tighten our coats. These were hand-made and

expensive. They are called "ceinture fleche" in French and the men wear them as well as the women and children.

When the owner of the shop saw that mother and I were interested and admired these sashes a great deal, she showed us her father's which was old and made of flax. It was beautifully done and in his day they made them all of home-made linen.

We asked her the price of this one and were told that it was two hundred dollars. She pointed out that this sash was a very fine example of such work and had never been worn as it was the custom to have cheaper ones made of wool for every day wear.

Everything in this shop window was hand-made, snow-shoes, moc-casins, bed-room slippers, scarves, and other articles, all made in Old Quebec.

JANE TAYLOR
(Sr. III).

THE CAROL SERVICE

On Sunday evening, December 15th, the Branksome girls walked slowly up the aisle of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church to the strains of "O Come All Ye Faithful". This was the beginning of the annual Carol Service. The school sang many beautiful carols, in some of which the congregation joined. The beautiful numbers sung by the choral class and those of the junior school were outstanding features of the service.

The Nativity pageant was especially striking and picturesque. In addition to the usual arrangement three of the angels appeared with golden trumpets in the balcony overlooking the church directly above the main group of the pageant. The shepherds were represented by English girls from Sherborne School assembled on the steps of the chancel.

There was a large congregation

of parents, and friends of the school. A collection was taken in aid of the Christmas baskets.

SALLY CHAPMAN
(Clan McLeod).

THE STUDENT COUNCIL

A new school organization the Student Council, was favourably launched at a dinner given by Miss Read, early in the year.

The purpose of the Council is to assist the Principal and Staff in the matters of school administration which are of direct concern to the pupils.

The Council is composed of the Prefects and the presidents of the forms. Meetings are held regularly.

It is the hope of the council that it has been of sufficient help to both the Staff and the Student Body to justify its continuance next year.

PEGGY PHAIR
(Clan MacGregor).

SPORTS

BASKETBALL

This year we played games with Havergal, St. Clements, Bishop Strachan, Old Girls, Ottawa Ladies College and University College.

We won all our games except one in which we were defeated by the freshies of U. C.—but we all agreed that it was by far the best game!

Next year we are sorry that our long-legged captain “Winnie” will not be here but we are sure that Branksome will have a very fine team. So, “Good Luck” to 1942 and we hope you’ll have as much fun as we of 1941 have had.

The First Team

Captain: Winnie Clarke.

Forwards: Winnie Clarke, Rosemary Baker, Ruth Beynon.

Guards: Joan Vanstone, Peggy Phair, Kay Everett.

JOAN VANSTONE
(Clan Stewart).

THE FIRST BASKETBALL TEAM AND THE ENGLISH TEAM VISIT OTTAWA

Ten minutes before the train was due to start, fourteen Branksome girls, Miss Read and Miss Gunsaulus were waiting anxiously for the first team’s errant captain, Winnie Clarke. Three minutes before the train was due to leave Winnie calmly strolled up to our

carriage as if she had not a care in the world!

We arrived in Ottawa at about 11 p.m. and some of us went to stay with friends whilst the others went to Ottawa Ladies’ College.

Next morning we went over to the Ottawa Ladies’ College for the two matches; all of us were rather nervous but determined to do or die. The matches were exciting to say the least, and there were several very tense moments when the O.L.C. forwards took long shots at the basket. Though we won both games the teams were far more evenly balanced than the scores—which were 59-4 for the first team, and 60-6 for the English team—appear to show.

After lunch we were taken over the Parliament Buildings. We went up the Peace Tower and had the most marvellous view of the surrounding country.

That evening the movies were the most popular form of entertainment.

On Sunday afternoon we were all down at the station in good time—including Winnie—and reluctantly said good-bye to our kind hostesses.

ELIZABETH KINNEAR
(Clan Stewart).

Question: Name two great generals at the battle of Waterloo.
Answer: Napoleon and Bonaparte.



CLAN CHIEFTAINS

*Jocelyn Hodge, Mary Stuart Playfair, Alize Phillips, Elizabeth McKechnie,
Shirle Milner, Zillah Caudwell, Elizabeth Shirriff, Audrey Joy Lyons.*



FORM PRESIDENTS

*Back Row—Thelma Kerr, Audrey Angus, Elizabeth Shirriff, Mary Burroughes.
Middle Row—Barbara Drew Brook, Diana Griffith, Andrea McCall, Helen Russell.
Front Row—Helen Stevens, Sally Chapman, Virginia Goldingham, Ruth Alison,
Ann McCart.*

SWIMMING

The Swimming Pool this year was open to all comers for the whole of the winter and summer terms, and a large proportion of the girls showed their appreciation of the frequent opportunities given them of indulging in water-sports.

The chief happening of interest in the pool this year was the Inter Clan Swimming Meet.

Nearly the whole school turned out at eight o'clock to see this event. Four girls from each Clan participated and gave the audience plenty of laughs in their efforts to blow up balloons while travelling as fast as possible and struggling with buttons in the pyjama race. One girl from every team made an authentic dive, while another did a free-lanie comie one. There were many other races, for each of which marks were given for first, second and third places.

After an agonizing wait, while points were being counted, the result was announced, a draw between the MacAlpine and Macgregor Clans, with the Douglas Clan a close second.

Swimming has become one of the chief sports at Branksome, and that it is taken seriously is shown by the number of girls who are taking the Life Saving tests this year.

The following girls received awards:

Intermediate: — Rosanna Parbury, Barbara Browne.

Bronze:—Doris Paget, Aileen

Rowntree, Betty Greenslade, Jane Draper.

First Class Instructress: — Dorothy Turner.

Award of Merit:—Andrea McCall, Lucy Bennett, Heather Baptist.

MACALPINE

THE PHYSICAL TRAINING REVIEW

On Tuesday evening, April the twenty-ninth, a large number of parents, and friends of the school gathered in Varsity Arena on the occasion of the annual Physical Training Review.

First came the grand march, the pipers leading in the four standard-bearers and the clan-chieftains, followed by the prefects bearing the school flags. After them, came the pupils of junior and senior schools, each including a number of war guests, marching according to forms and taking up their positions for the singing of the school song.

The junior school then presented an interesting programme of gymnastics in play form, followed by tumbling exercises and games.

Among the outstanding features of the evening was a presentation by a group of senior girls of a varied series of fundamental gymnastics. A demonstration of vaulting and various forms of square and folk dancing, also evoked much enthusiasm from the audience. The stirring clan games competition, led off by the Scottish pipers,

was a popular feature of the programme.

Altogether, the Physical Training Review of this year was most successful.

ALIXE PHILLIPS
(Clan MacAlpine).

THE SCHOOL DANCE

The long-anticipated school dance took place on Friday, February 5th. The girls (miraculously transformed into dreams of beauty) and their escorts were received at the entrance to the gymnasium by Miss Read and Janet Brown.

The Beta Kappa had charge of the decorations, most attractively carried out in red, white and blue, with a huge shining school crest, the centre of all eyes.

Throughout the evening Bob Cringan's orchestra provided excellent music, and the school song,

the black-out dance, and a song written by Marjorie Crawford and Barbara Elliot were the highlights of the occasion.

Supper was served in the dining-room and the common-room after which dancing continued until one o'clock. Everyone agreed that the dance was one of the most enjoyable events of the school year.

PEGGY PURVIS
(Clan Ross).

SCENE D'HIVER

C'est la veille de Noël, et un charme magique flotte dans l'air. La musique des grelots se mêle aux pas sourds des chevaux dans la neige.

La lanterne verse sa chaleur rose autour de nous, tandis que nous sommes couchées sous les couvertures de fourrure, le visage au vent.

Au-dessus, le ciel est percé d'étoiles éblouissantes, et le vent pousse les nuages sur la face de la lune.

Un autre traîneau nous dépasse et au loin en avant, nous entendons des grelots tinter. Nous voyons la neige soulevée de tous côtés dans un brouillard argenté.

Dans la brume, la lanterne brûle comme un rubis, lançant ses rayons d'un rose très doux, sur la neige. La lune apparaît entre les nuages, et son visage nous sourit.

JOCELYN HODGE
(Clan McLean).



ALUMNAE

The first executive meeting for the year 1940-41 was held at the school September 16th., when plans were discussed and money voted to assist with preparations for our war guests. Sherborne wished to keep 'open house' for British school girls in Toronto Saturday afternoons and it was decided that the Alumnae would be responsible for the tea arrangements.

The annual autumn tea was held at the Sherborne residence, September 30th., Miss Read, Miss Reader-Harris, head of the Sherborne group, and Margaret Maclellan Smythe received the guests. The residence was opened for inspection and the alumnae were interested in seeing over the house which they helped to furnish. Our capable social convener, Delphine Burr Keens was in charge of the commissariat and Miss Robinson. Molly Ponton Armitage, Jean Stark Trees, Dorothy Knowlton Russell, Gladys Beckett Brown and Annable Auld poured tea and the older Sherborne girls assisted in looking after the guests. On this occasion the Alumnae of Sherborne sent the B. H. Alumnae a cable of good wishes which was much appreciated.

Early in the new year an executive meeting was called to discuss plans for a Bridge which was duly held at the school the afternoon and evening of February 24th., and which was an unqualified success. Gertrude Winger Macdonald was responsible for the lucky number prizes which were donated by members of the Alumnae.

A number of old girls under the direction of Joy Ferguson acted as ushers at the Gym Demonstration, held in the Varsity Arena, Tuesday evening, April 29th.

Miss Read's dinner for the Alumnae took place Saturday evening, May 10th., about three hundred being present. The toast to the King was proposed by the Principal. Alixe Phillips proposed the Alumnae which was replied to by Betty Williamson. The Graduating Class was toasted by Joy Ferguson and replied to by Kathleen Everett. After Miss Read's speech a short business meeting was held. The retiring President, Margaret Maclellan Smythe gave a short talk and the secretary's, treasurer's and sewing convener's reports were read. The following officers were elected:

Honorary President—Miss Read.

President—Mary Wardlaw.

First Vice-President — Laura Stone Bradfield.

Second Vice-President—Donalda Macleod.

Secretary—Gladys Billings Ireland.

Treasurer — Marjorie Evans Britt.

Treasurer, Scholarship Fund — Jean Morton.

Sewing Convener — Daisy Robertson Gall.

Social Convener — Florence Kingsley Bastow.

Slogan Representative — Ainslie McMichael.

Committee: Helen Gibson Daffoe, Lenore Gooderham Cherry, Ruth Hamilton Upjohn, Susan Ross, Florence Boyle⁶¹¹ Robinson, Helen Rooke, Pauline Phillips, Marnie Milner, Janet Brown, Margaret Maclellan Smythe.

We are sorry to lose Margaret Maclellan Smythe as our President, she has held the office for two years and has been most tactful and understanding. It is not an easy thing to be the head of an organization and Margaret has carried out her duties with great efficiency.

NAN GOOCH HUTCHINSON,
Secretary.

Sewing Convener's Report

Once again I have the pleasure of presenting the report of the sewing and war work. Since September we have met at 16 Elm Ave., every Monday afternoon, with the exception of the Christmas and Easter holidays. There has been an attendance of not less than fifteen and as many as thirty. The time has passed profitably and pleasantly. Most of our knitted articles have been sent to Miss Read's sisters in Halifax and Sydney, N.S. and they have distributed them to the navy.

Including last summer's work, which was turned in in the au-

tumn, this year's work and donations from other groups and friends, we have sent the following articles:

7 sweaters with sleeves, 7 tuck-ins, 12 seamen's caps, 14 leather jackets, 20 pairs seamens' socks, 41 pairs knitted mitts, 32 mine sweepers mitts, 52 balaclavas, 56 sleeveless sweaters, 59 scarves, 338 pairs socks, also 4 complete layettes, 60 baby coats, sent to the Victorian Order of Nurses, 2 pairs children's mitts, 44 children's sweaters, sent directly to Britain.

DAISY ROBERTSON GALL,
Sewing Convener.

Personals

As many of you know it was Branksome's privilege to welcome about two hundred war guests last summer. We were the only Toronto school to remain open for the holidays and Miss Read hurried back from Halifax the first of July so as to be on hand to welcome our guests and, as busy times were ahead, she remained in Toronto. Branksome's friends and alumnae rallied round and homes were found for all the children either at summer resorts or in camps.

Two schools which came to us from England are St. Hilda's, Whitby and Sherborne from the town of that name in Dorset. In September St. Hilda's moved to spacious quarters in Erindale and Sherborne affiliated itself with us. The family of the late Mr. H. H. Fudger generously offered the residence at 40 Maple Avenue, rent free and Sherborne is living there coming to us for school, luncheon and games. We have over one hundred war guests and it was found necessary to take a house on Park Road to accommodate all who are in the residence. Again Branksome's friends and alumnae came to our aid and furnished both these houses.

It is generally recognized that Miss Read has done, and is doing, a magnificent piece of work and Branksome girls, past and present, have every reason to be proud of their school and its Principal.

A number of alumnae domiciled in England came to Canada for the duration. Katherine Scott West brought her young daughter and is living with Elizabeth Scott Warren. Catherine Davison Rooke and her daughter are in Toronto. Jean Aitken McLintock and Katherine Aitken Lloyd are also in this country. Marion Skeans Pearch, who lives in Tunbridge Wells, brought her two daughters to the United States and they are with Ruth Skeans Wickenden at Chappaqua, N. Y. Ruth Porter Case elected to remain in England with her three young sons but left London and is now in the Lake District.

Mary Hendrie Cumming, who is living in Great Britain, sends us her daughter and Jane Barclay Gobat, who is domiciled in Florida, contributes a daughter and a niece. Elinor Bluck Butterfield's child comes to us from Bermuda and Dorothea Mitchell Robinson sends us a sister. Jean Ferguson Morine's daughter and Ruth Owen's cousin are in the junior residence. In the day school are the children of Alix Wood McCart, Mary Douglas Dimock, Florence Kingsley Bastow, Lenore Gooderham Cherry, Helen Gibson Dafoe, Constance Watkins Rees, Phyllis Calvert Ritchie, Mary MacWhinney Shenstone, Betty Horrocks Broome, and Kathleen Harding Bell. Madeleine Rogers Peer's daughter was

with us until Christmas but went to Ottawa when the family moved there. Helen Parson Flahiff's child is with us for the summer term, from Jamaica. Florence Kemp sends us her war guest. Little boys are now in the Nursery School and the sons of Shirley West Gossage, Isabel Pirie Lewis, Lois Coryell Gray, Constance Harding Bradshaw, Phyllis May Ellis and Blanche Burton Wessels will some day be Branksome Old Boys!

The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on Nancy Stirrett last November and among those graduating from the University of Toronto this year are: Catherine Bryans, Katherine Cannon, Betty Harrison, Jean Lander, Anna Marie Smart and Helen Sutherland. Eleanor Reed is in her second year Arts at Varsity. In addition to her lectures and labs she has been assisting, this year, in research in human genetics in the Department of Zoology under Professor Norma Ford.

The following Branksome girls now at Varsity joined the Women's Training Service Detachment which is a special section of the Women's Volunteer Service Corps, a uniformed section of the Canadian Red Cross Society. The work covered basic instruction in Red Cross organization, military law, military correspondence, orderly room procedure, business methods, civilian defence (A.R.P.) as required by the government. Marie Parkes was appointed Commandant of the two hundred girls who attended drills and lectures twice a week from October to April. They wore a smart dress of military cut made of dark gray alpine cloth with a service cap of the same. At a special ceremony in Hart House gymnasium they were presented with Red Cross badges by the National Commandant: Catherine Bryans, Helen and Joan Franks, Jean Lander, Gwen Plant, Eleanor Reed, Marjorie Schuch, Anna Marie Smart, Jean Stirling, Nancy Stirrett, Helen Sutherland and Mary Walker.

Dorothy Bryce Johnston is again living in Toronto, while her husband is overseas, and is studying for her M.A. at Varsity.

Those just completing their first year at the University of Toronto are Josephine Taylor at the School of Nursing, Elizabeth Coulthard, Ruth Gibson, Margaret Earl, Elizabeth Greene, Bernie Harris, Dorothy Hoyle, Leonore Kinghorn, Ellenor Lackie, June McBride, Bruce McFarren, Louise McLaughlin, Gwen Norman, Ruth Parkin, Ruth Stevens, Betty Ursem, Winifred Walker and Jill Kelsey.

Mary McDonald, Helen Gilman and Patricia McCall are attending McGill, at which institution Jane Ross is in her first year medicine. Barbara Conway is considered the most brilliant skier at St. Hilda's College. Mary Beth Des Brisay is taking a course in bacteriology at

the University of British Columbia. Patricia Kinnear, Barbara Patten and Penelope Waldie chose to go to McMaster while Rachel Campbell and Ellen West attend Mount Allison University, Sackville, N. B. Jane Kelley and Joan Archibald are at Dalhousie from which university Marion Little obtained her B.A., May, 1940. Doris Campbell is at the Connecticut College for Women, New London, Conn. and Patricia Plunkett is at Wellesley College, U.S.A.

Elizabeth Dickie, Molly Morton, Elizabeth Stone, Ruth Parkin and Barbara Wheelwright are at Macdonald Hall, Guelph. Joyce O'Neill is at the Margaret Eaton School.

Jeanne Montgomery obtained her Junior F.R.C.S. last autumn. Congratulations Jeanne! Louise Jamieson is a military nurse at Camp Borden, Hilda Maclellan is a nursing sister with the R.C.A.F. and is stationed at Manning Pool. Moya Macdonald is matron of No. 1 Neurological Hospital and Ruth Carlyle is a physiotherapist at Dundern Camp, Alberta.

Margaret McKenzie is night supervisor of the Emergency Department, Toronto General Hospital where Mary Holme is in training. Muriel Sinclair recently received her cap at the Sick Children's. Ann Howitt, Gwen Millar and Helen Shearme are at the Wellesley, from which hospital Betty Williamson graduated in June, 1940, winning the Dr. W. P. Caven prize for the highest standing in medical nursing.

Isabel Mackay is a nurse in training at the Royal Victoria, Montreal and Louise Stewart is at the Plummer Hospital, Sault Ste. Marie and ranked first among the probationers at Christmas.

Elberta Peterson graduated from the Children's Hospital, Winnipeg, May, 1940, winning the Mary Walker prize for general proficiency and the Children's Hospital Alumnae Association scholarship.

Agnes Merson is in training in Guy's Hospital, England, which has been evacuated from London to Orpington.

Janet Davidson is in Battle Creek, Mich., taking a six months' course in rural public health on a fellowship awarded by the Kellogg Foundation. Margaret Smith is taking a laboratory technician's course at the Hamilton General Hospital and Gwynneth Sinclair is a lab technician at the Toronto General.

Bessie Stone Howell is living in Porto Rico. She is the chairman of the knitting committee of the British War Relief Society in San Juan. Marjory Torrie McGrath, Hope Smith Lowry and Marion Lumbers Gibson are in Halifax. Rosemary McWilliams Bracken is domi-

ciled in Moose Jaw and Jean McWilliams Kilgour has moved to Saskatoon. Jean Loblaw Dawson, Muriel Armstrong Flower and Violet Mullock Beech-Matthews are living in Montreal. Recent additions to the Ottawa alumnae are Virginia Piers Finch-Noyes, Ruth Morgan Macdonald, Lillice Read Le Roy, Marjorie Franklyn Jones Bruce, Hazel Porter Clark and Edith McCrimmon Hose. Wynifred Gray Goodeve and Haldane were in Ottawa for a few months last autumn but are now living in London, Ont., where Colonel Goodeve is connected with the military. Grace Knight Gooderham is also in London where her husband is stationed.

Mary McLean Stewart is in Vancouver where Nancy Wright has been living for some time. Esther McWaters Ewart is in Prince Rupert, B.C. and Marion Brewster Ross recently moved to New Westminster. Lenore Gooderham Cherry, Molly Ponton Armitage and Dorothy Knowlton Russell have returned to Toronto to live. Doris Rogers Hunter, who has been living in the United States since her marriage nine or ten years ago, is now settled in this city and Frances McDiarmid Box, Billie Pryce Jones Smith, Helen Spencer Hughes and Hazel Wilkinson are also domiciled in the Ontario metropolis. Betty Campbell Piersol is in town for the duration. Phyllis Calvert Cameron may be addressed Niagara-on-the-Lake and Betty Dowsley Buddo's home is in Hamilton. Betty Merrick Kettlewell is living in Geneseo, N.Y. and Roma Wilson Knapp is in Ithica, where her husband is on the staff of Cornell University. Esme Pattison Rose is "at home" in Washington, D.C. Recent additions to the population of Barrie are Sonja Williams Bird, Phyllis Pattison Caldwell, Audrey Piddington Symmes, Errol Grosch Hilton, Elizabeth Beck Boddington and Frances Bell Walker.

Rosamund McCoy Butler and Margaret Beck Margesson are making their homes in Kitchener and Catherine Laing Sadler is living in Owen Sound. Margaret McGlashan McAlpin has moved from New York to Williamstown, Mass., and Theodosia Burr's address is El Paso, Texas. Marion Henderson is also in Texas, she is teaching Physical Education at Denton and Kathleen Freel Vernor recently moved to Houston.

We have only lately heard of the marriages of three or four of the alumnae, Marjorie Taffe is now Mrs. Leo Nicholson. Margaret Riggs married Arthur Gourlay in December, 1939 and Alice Bidwell is Mrs. Douglas Seymour and lives at Wiarton, she has a three year old son. Elda Rowan is now Mrs. W. Garfield Case and resides in Owen Sound and Margaret Roberts is Mrs. C. P. Coutts and continues to live in Toronto.

Kathryn Gooderham took a course at the Meisterschaft Business School this winter and June Whyte, Joan Hutchinson, Ruth Stockdale, Barbara Sloan and Joy Ferguson are at Shaw's. Sherry Bond, who graduated last year from Trinity, is also taking this course. Margann Stowe, Barbara Cook and Portia Butt are at the Ontario College of Art. Margery Meier successfully completed a year's work at a school for costume designing.

Mary Barker is the London, Ontario district representative of the Royal Life Saving Society. Joan Marlow has a position in the department of social welfare, City Hall. Genevieve Inglis has a job in Eaton's. Virginia Birmingham is assistant in a doctor's office in Vancouver and Marion Greer has a position in a bank in this British Columbian city. Clare Brown Harris is secretary of the student's Y.W.C.A. in San Jose, Calif.

Edith Kirk has a position with the Foreign Exchange Control Board, Bank of Canada, Ottawa and Frances Clarke, who obtained her B.A. at Queen's University, May, 1940, is in the Civil Service, Ottawa. Nancy Walker, who has her pilot's license, is living in Canada's capital.

Rosemary Thompson has a position with the Liverpool, London and Globe Insurance Co., Pat Gundy is with the Manufacturer's Life Association, and Carol Hendry is employed by the Confederation Life. Peggy Galt is with the Royal Trust Co., Montreal and Peggy Moseley's job is in a real estate office, Nassau. Those whose services have been accepted by various banks include Marnie Milner, Margart Evans, Marion Brown and Kathryn Shirriff in Toronto, Eleaine Enderby, Montreal and Edith Margaret Willets, Kingston.

Eleanore Bell is on the staff of the Port Colborne school and Mary McFarland is teaching in a nursery school, Toronto. Eleanor Hamilton is a teacher at Elmwood, Ottawa and Ruth Hamilton Upjohn is head of Branksome's nursery school. Peggy Hodge is taking a course at the St. George nursery school. Edith Ely Peck is teaching art in the Carlton Parker school, Williamstown, Mass and Helen Lacey has joined the teaching staff of the Chesterville High School.

Dorothy Stock is general secretary of the Y.W.C.A. at Woodstock and is also secretary of the Federation of Secretaries of the Canadian Y.W.C.A. Mary Anderson is general secretary of St. Catherine's Y.W.C.A.

Betty Byers gave a most delightful dance recital this winter, one of the best numbers was her own composition. When Madame Ade-

line Genee was lecturing on dancing during her Canadian tour Betty travelled with her illustrating the various steps. Leone Comstock has her own studio of dancing in Peterborough. Molly Sclater is organist and choir leader in St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Port Credit. Joy MacKinnon, Ruth Stevens and Phyllis Holden took part in the Victoria College Music Club's production of "San Toy" which was given in January.

Nora Parkes Noxon and Phyllis Langdon Edwards are members of the board of the Metropolitan Nursery School which functions in the church house and is open free of charge to pre-school children of any race, creed or colour.

Elinor Williams Lind is one of the Vice Presidents of the Toronto Junior League, Peggy Waldie Lounsborough is recording secretary and Christine Auld is treasurer. Mary Kingsmill is in charge of the clinics and Betty Flavelle of therapy. Helen Richardson Stearns is in charge of the motors and Virginia Copping Wilson of "save-the-baby". Jean Ross is advertising manager of the Junior League Magazine and Flora Featherstonhaugh Deeks is city editor. Betty Baird is in the Opportunity Shop.

Among those who look very smart in the uniform of the Canadian Women's Transport Service of the Red Cross are Mary Ruth Austin, Mary Glendinning, Joyce Phillips, Elizabeth Trees, Barbara Baird, Mary Gibson, Victoria Hanna, Elizabeth Henry, Catherine Wilks and Mary Nicholson. Margaret Eaton is second in command W.V.S.C. office administration and Amy Gundy Rykert is transportation chairman.

Philippa Chapman is secretary in the Peace Time branch of the Red Cross and Gwen Prattis is also a Red Cross secretary. Lorna McFadgen gives her spare time to the work of the Canadian Auxiliary Territorial Service.

A group of the alumnae organized a chapter of the I.O.D.E. last March. The bestowal of charter and presentation of standard took place at Mary Hanna Hall's. The standard and badges were Mary's gifts. The chapter is known as the "Clansdale" and the following Branksome girls are holding office: Marion Brown, regent; Phyllis Watson, secretary; Betty Wheelwright, educational secretary; Diana Mariott, Echoes secretary; Nora Brown, treasurer; and Margaret Wardlaw, standard-bearer.

Judith Kelly English has written another book, "Marriage is a Private Affair", which is running as a serial in the Ladies' Home Journal. Francean Campbell has had two or three poems published in Saturday Night.

In March Kathleen Chipman Runciman's son, Jack was awarded the Gilt Cross of the Boy Scouts in recognition of his gallantry in saving a young man from drowning and his brother, Roy, who played a part in the rescue was highly commended. Katie MacLaren Irwin's daughter was married last Spring and you will notice among the marriage announcements that of Elsie Norma Jeffrey McCoy's daughter, Rosamund. The school had a visit from Ruth Langlois Smith's second daughter, Priscilla, last autumn.

Constance Crawford Brown sends us news from Winnipeg. As in all other towns and cities in Canada everyone is busy doing Red Cross work and the members of the Winnipeg Alumnae are no exception. Connie is also in the throes of moving, after May first her address will be Pasadena Apts. Barbara Munro and Marjorie Preston have changed their place of residence. Barbara may be addressed Lucerne Apts., and Marjorie 272 Waterloo Street. Mary Walker Ryan, whose husband is overseas, spent some time in the east last autumn. Ora Forster is now in Kingston, Jamaica, where she is the director of the Deaf and Dumb Institute. Sybil Kneeland Martin's daughter was married last summer. Marjorie Hazelwood was in Vancouver this winter, Gladys Brock Martin has taken a house in that city and proposes spending some time there. Mabel Murphy Arthur is back in Winnipeg as her husband, who was head of the Canadian Hospital, was invalided home.

The Following is copied from the University of Toronto Monthly for January, 1941:

"The appointment of Miss Agnes MacGillivray, as secretary to the President of the University and secretary of the Faculty of Music is very pleasing to all who have known her in the Registrar's office.

Before entering University College with the class of 1916 in Modern Languages she attended the Model School and Branksome Hall. During her course at college she was keenly interested in tennis and hockey and took an active part in the University College Women's Undergraduate Association of which she was president in her senior year.

After graduation, Miss MacGillivray took a business course and in the spring of 1917 she returned to the University as assistant to Professor G. O. Smith in the Roll of Service office. She remained in that position until the publication of the Roll of Service in 1921. She was then appointed to the staff of the Registrar's office as registrar clerk in the Records Department,

and in 1924 as assistant in the main office. In this position, by her unfailing helpfulness and efficiency she has made a host of friends among the staff and students of the University, all of whom will join in wishing her success in her new duties."

Branksome congratulates Agnes on her promotion but selfishly wishes she had remained at her previous post as she was so helpful to her old school. Whenever we wanted to know anything about the intricacies of university examinations, etc., we always telephoned Agnes who took any amount of trouble to get us the required information.

Letters have recently been received from Agnes Campbell Heslip, Margaret Essery Butler, Rosalind Morley MacEwen, Rita Harvey Payne, Margaret McGlashan McAlpin, Clara Enge Niemann and Gertrude Chipman Pennington and the following Old Girls have visited the school: Marion Little, Halifax, N.S.; Harriet Taggart, Tidioute, Penn.; Shirley Jackson, Ottawa; Enid Hatch, Quebec City; Rachel Sheppard, Coldwater; Charlotte Abbott, Kingston, Ont.; Isabel Smith McCosh, Chatham, Ont.; Jean McDougal Ghormley, Rochester, Minn.; Kathleen Corke, Winnipeg; Sally Morton, Trinidad, B.W.I.; Frances Clarke, Kingston, Ont.; Mary Campbell Ga Nun, New York City; Dorothy Boughton, Ottawa; Barbara Ross, Medicine Hat; Barbara and Trudean Spencer, Vancouver; Ora Forster and Mary Walker Ryan, Winnipeg; Doris Campbell, Bennington, Vt.; Isabel Farlinger Debeney, Edmonton; Katherine McVean Piggott, Chatham; Aileen Winslow, Cleveland; Helen Richardson Bertram, Dundas; Marion Cann Andolsek, Hohokus, N.Y.; Ray Jacobs Frank, Burlington, Vt.; Elinor Bluck Butterfield, Bermuda; Dorothy and Peggy Galt, Montreal.



Winter Games at Sherborne

Marriages, 1940

Joyce Sweatman to Wm. Henderson Dalton, May 11th.
Jane Lumbers to Peter W. Lochnan, May 18th.
Helen Laing to Hugh John MacDonell, May 25th.
Miriam Fox to Arthur H. Squires, June 1st.
Kathleen Hair to Philip Wallace McBean, June 1st.
Sonja Williams to D. A. Godfrey Bird, June 1st.
Margaret Clancey to Sidney Hetherington, June 8th.
Mary (Mickey) Wardlaw to Geo. A. M. Edwards, June 8th.
Lillice Read to Donald Jas. LeRoy, June 12th.
Jocelyn Boone to Alex. McPhedran, June 15th.
Phyllis Stewart to J. H. Bate Dewar, June 17th.
Elsapie Halnan to Chas. Victor Shaver, June 25th.
Audrey Banks to Henry Douglas Morgan, June 29th.
Betty Dowsley to Chas. Whitney Buddo, June 29th.
Betty Merrick to John W. Kettlewell, June 29th.
Frances Read to Henry M. Smith, June 29th.
Millicent Raymond to Francis J. T. Baker, July 6th.
Helen Langford to Harold P. R. Saunders, July 6th.
Doreen Donovan to Charles Sweeney, July 6th.
Beth McNeill to Ian Cadogan Campbell, July.
Harriet Taggart to Richard L. Pearse, July 12th.
Jean Pirie to Alvin Wray Martin, July 13th.
Margaret Kennedy to Geo. Leslie Mackey, July 26th.
Rosamund McCoy to Chas. Whittier Butler, July 27th.
Helen Spencer to Samuel H. S. Hughes, July 27th.
Margaret Beck to Richard D. Margesson, July 27th.
Doris McClenaghan to Walter Land, July 27th.
Errol Grosch to Wm. D. W. Hilton, August 3rd.
Virginia Piers to E. W. Finch-Noyes, August 10th.
Hope Smith, to D. Johnson Lowry, August 17th.
Cathleen Clark to J. Paul Hooper, August 24th.
Nancy Macleod to Frederic H. Baker, August 24th.
Ruth Morgan to Arthur G. Macdonald, August 24th.
Katharine Lea to W. Gordon McLean, August 30th.
Katharine Dawson to Bertram O. Warner, August 30th.
Ruth Hamilton to Bryan A. Upjohn, August 31st.
Jean Loblaw to Wm. Dowdall Dawson, August 31st.
June Forsyth to Geo. H. Lochead, Sept. 7th.
Rachel Sheppard to Lawrence A. Devine, Sept. 7th.
Betty McNeely to Norman Hager.

Marjorie Torrie to John Jas. McGrath, Sept. 7th.
Billie Pryce Jones to T. Howland Smith, Sept. 14th.
Margaret Davison to D. Whiting Lathrop, Jr., Sept. 21st.
Catherine Laing to E. W. Sadler, Sept. 25th.
Marjory Sinclair Galt to Eugene W. Fiske, Sept. 26th.
Audrey Piddington to Geo. Luther Symmes, Sept. 28th.
Phyllis Pattison to Richard V. B. Caldwell, Oct. 5th.
Frances McDiarmid to Hugh Alex. Box, Oct. 5th.
Marian Ainslie to Wm. Sidney Kidd, Oct. 12th.
Margaret Sorenson to Jack W. Rayner, Oct. 12th.
Ruth Tamblyn to Geo. A. Simmonds, Oct. 12th.
Joy Thompson to Eric C. Hamber, Oct. 12th.
Marion Leng to F. Hardy Bowman, Oct. 25th.
Audrey Miller to Arnold E. Neagell, Oct. 31st.
Rosemary McWilliams to A. Douglas Bracken, Nov. 9th.
Violet Mulock to Beech Matthews, Nov. 9th.
Joan Strong to Norbert Fagan, Nov. 23rd.
Peggy Waldie to Thos. P. Lownsborough, Nov. 28th.
Natalie Barber Wood to Morley Pearce, Nov. 29th.
Joanne Tamblyn to Garrett M. Cook, Nov. 30th.
Muriel Armstrong to Geo. Ed. Flower, Nov. 30th.
Mary Evelyn Sinclair to George McN. Stewart, Dec. 25th.
Barbara Dailley to C. W. Roenisch, Jr., Dec. 26th.
Mary McLean to Douglas McL. Stewart, Dec. 28th.

Marriages, 1941

Margaret (Billie) Eaton to Wm. M. Murdoch, Jan. 16th.
Barbara Piddington to Arthur C. Haight, Jan. 30th.
Edith Innes to Edward Robinson, Feb. 1st.
Edith McCrimmon to Walter J. F. Hose, Feb. 8th.
Betty Stambaugh to John B. Stratton, March 8th. .
Audrey Beaton to James R. Holmes, March 15th.
Mary Arkell to Edward Wilkinson, March 20th.
Esme Pattison to John Evans Rose, April 19th.
Elsie Woods to Geo. Ian Speedie, April 19th.
Mary Roberts to A. MacLean Haig, April 26th.
Marie Louise Patterson to D. Lockie Eby, May 3rd.
Frances Bell to Gerald Walker, May 10th.
Anne Henderson to A. Graham Coulter, May 10th.
Martha Coryell to Menzie Gibson, May 17th.

Births, 1940

Audrey Shaw Kyle, a daughter, May.
Florence Wilson Thompson, a son, May 11th.
Helen Pidgeon Caesar, a son, May 13th.
Elisabeth Saunderson Conner, a daughter, May 15th.
Nancy Wilson Lord, a son, May 16th.
Helen Simpson Walker, a daughter, May 20th.
Isabel Ross Kelley, a daughter, May 26th.
Jean McIntosh Swinden, a daughter, May 27th.
Eleanor McDougal Forman, a daughter, May.
Betty Lowndes Nordheimer, a son, June 3rd.
Dorothy Warren Percival, a son, June 10th.
Helen Findlay Plaxton, a son, June 11th.
Joyce Tedman Howell, a son, June 12th.
Arnold Gooderham Willoughby, a daughter, June 27th.
Sybil Croll Halliwell, a daughter, July 5th.
Katheline Carpenter Egner, a son, July 12th.
Constance Davies Wilson, a daughter, July 14th.
Mollie Turner Bone, a daughter, July 19th.
Margaret Cragg Skinner, a son, July 29th.
Dorothy Cluff McManus, a daughter, August 1st.
Frances Playfair Jennison, a daughter, August 14th.
Margaret McIntosh Nayler, a daughter.
Eleanor Lowry Algie, a son, Sept. 2nd.
Lois Coryell Gray, a son, Sept. 8th.
Barbara Wright Fowlds, a son, Sept 21st.
Norah Fletcher Raikes, a son, Sept. 25th.
Eileen Odevaine Cuthbertson, a son, Sept. 25th.
Jean McWilliams Kilgour, a daughter, Sept. 26th.
Norah Cutten Biggar, a son, Oct. 10th.
Betty Wilson Auger, a daughter, Oct. 31st.
Eleanor Wilson Reid, a daughter, Nov. 3rd.
Kathleen Meldrum Ludgate, a son, Nov. 11th.
Isabel Wilson Ramsay, a son, Nov. 15th.
Keith Kerr Cameron, a son, Nov. 18th.
Kathleen Cowan Jackson, a son, Nov. 25th.
Phyllis May Ellis, a son, Nov. 26th.
Margaret Essery Butler, a son, Dec. 1st.
Betty Darling Wright, a daughter, Dec. 4th.
Helen Richardson Stearns, a daughter, Dec. 7th.
Muriel MacAgy Snell, a son, Dec. 7th.
Margaret Lemon McKay, a son, Dec. 14th.

Jean McCormick Vanstone, a son, Dec. 19th.
Betty Connell Kennedy, a son, Dec. 20th.
Helen Goring Chaplin, a son, Dec. 22nd.
Daphne Mitchell Savage, a daughter, Dec.
Elizabeth Rutherford Ward, a son, Dec. 24th.

Births, 1941

Dorothy White Davis, a son, Jan. 18th.
Ruth Ryan Russell, a son, Jan. 23rd.
Mary Gooderham Mathes, a daughter, Jan. 24th.
Elaine Ellsworth Holton, a son, Jan. 26th.
Ilma Dunfield Van Boven, a daughter, Feb. 1st.
Elizabeth Osborne Jennings, a daughter, Feb 11th.
Roma Wessells Moffatt, a son, Feb. 22nd.
Louise Spencer Newbury, a daughter, March 6th.
Helene Pattison Boulton, a daughter, March 20th.
Mary Berney Mackay, a son, March 25th.
Marjorie Franklyn Jones Bruce, a son, April 3rd.
Norah Lyle Harris, a daughter, April 6th.
Mary Mitchell Laughton, a daughter, April 9th.

Deaths

Milton G. Davey, husband of Mabel Russell Davey, Sept. 22nd, 1940.
Harold P. R. Saunders, husband of Helen Langford Saunders, October,
1940.
Helen, daughter of Frances Playfair Jennison, Jan. 11th, 1941.

Staff

Marriages, 1940

Miss Dorothy Medhurst to Mr. Samuel H. Hoffman, June 1st.
Miss Marion Findlay to Mr Jas. Ernest Richardson, June 22nd.
Miss Betty de Witt to Mr. Adelbert Chipman, June 29th.
Miss V. Margaret Jubien to Mr. Wm. Wesley Stewart, June 29th.
Miss M. Carmelita Kinley to Mr. Lloyd A. Duchemin, July 10th.

In Memoriam

Estella Holmes, Nov. 24th., 1939.

June Warren Symons, Oct. 15th., 1940.

Martha Merry, Feb. 11th., 1941.



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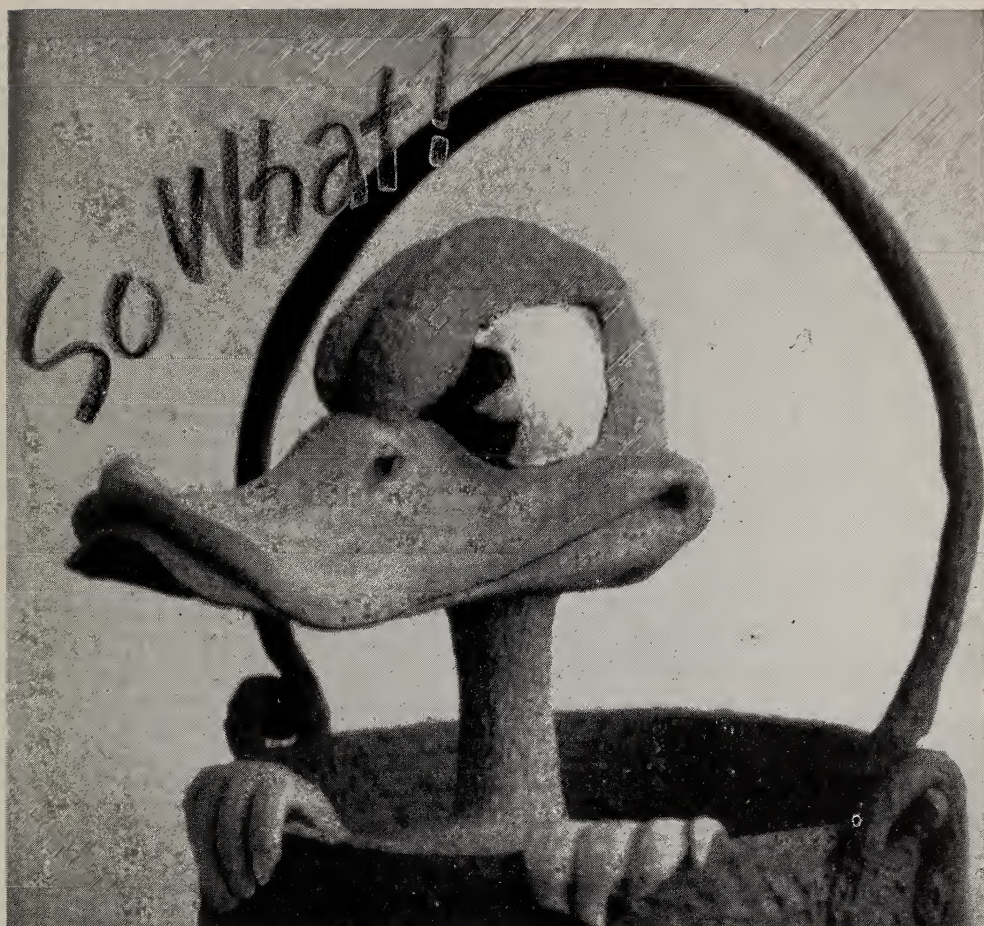
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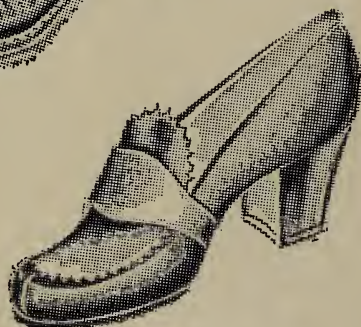
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A. Pigtex grained leather with crepe rubber sole and spring heel. Blue, brown, red, black or natural shade. Pair 4.94.



B.

B. More dressy in crushed leather with calf trim. Brown. Pair 3.94.

C. Popular "loafer" in capeskin. Beige-with-brown, white-with-red, white-with-blue and other color combinations. Pair 4.94.



C.

D. Palomino sandals in capeskin. White-with-red, white-with-blue, blue-with-red, brown-with-green or saddle-tan-with-brown. Pair 4.94.



D.

Simpson's

SUB-DEB SHOES Second Floor